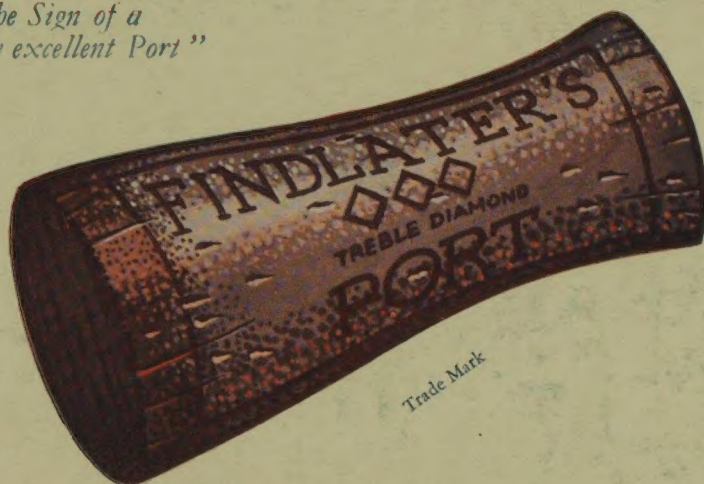


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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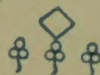
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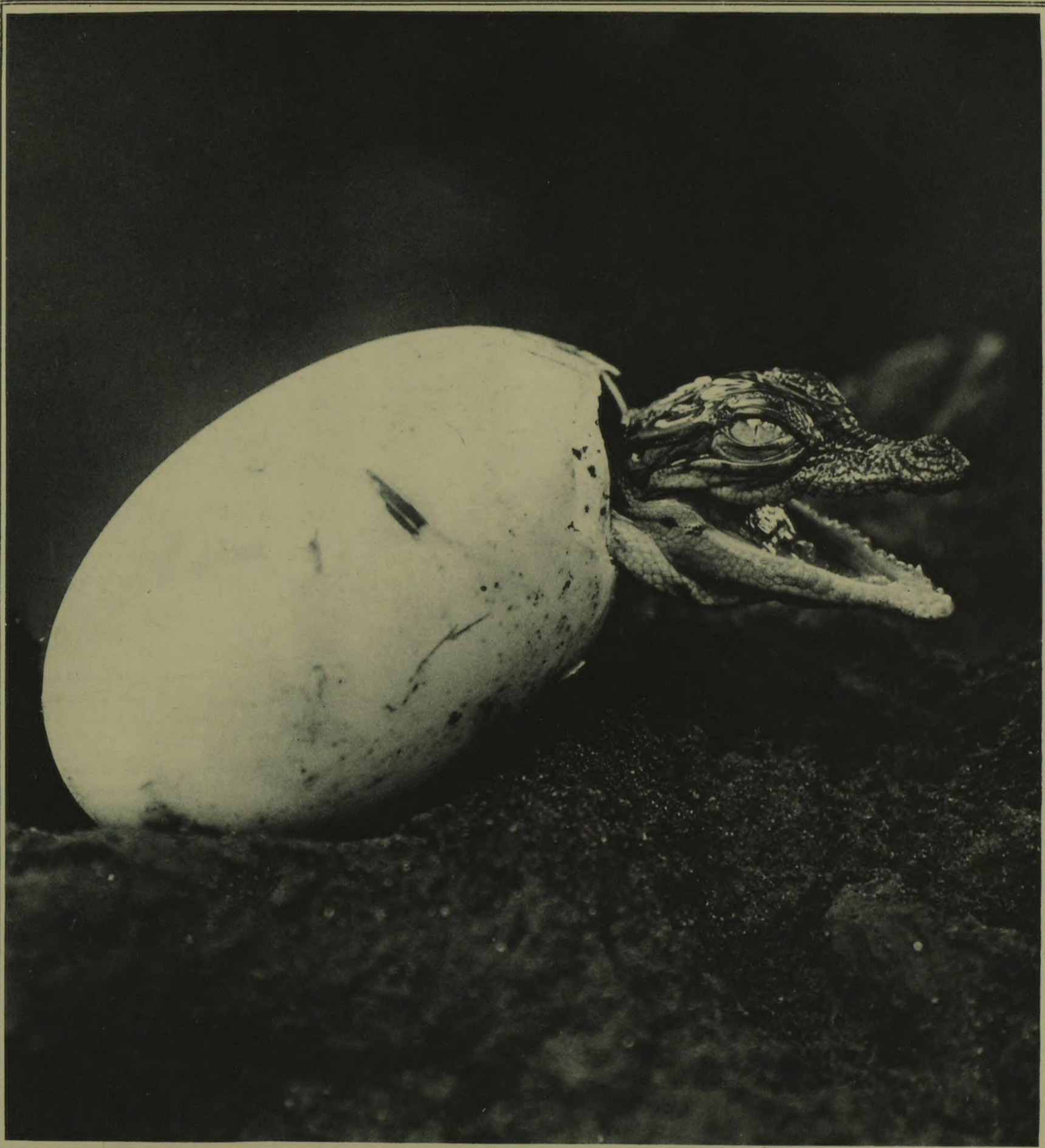
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1928.

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THE BIRTH OF A CROCODILE: THE BABY MONSTER GIVES A FORETASTE OF MAN-KILLING PROPENSITIES.

Among crocodiles, as among human beings, "the boy is father to the man," and this little reptile gave a very early indication of his savage propensities. Although just issuing from the embryo stage, and emerging from the egg to take his first view of the world, he confronted an approaching finger with gaping jaws. This particular specimen belongs to the species *crocodilus porosus*, common in the East,

and was hatched at a laboratory in Java, under artificial conditions; but the egg, with others, had been dug from a nest on a river bank. Further stages of its hatching are illustrated on page 243, while on page 242 are photographs of the natural hatching of African crocodile eggs on an island in the Congo, with an article describing the process.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FELIX KOPSTEIN. BY COURTESY OF "ASIA" MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.

CROCODILE EGGS HATCHING-OUT IN THE AFRICAN WILD.

BABY CROCODILES IN THEIR NATURAL STATE ATTENDED AT BIRTH BY A BRITISH DOCTOR—UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS.

By DR. G. E. TILSLEY, F.R.G.S.



"WHEN THEY HAD STRETCHED THEMSELVES TO THEIR FULL LENGTH, EACH OF THEM WAS BETWEEN NINE AND TEN INCHES LONG": TWO OF THE NEW-BORN BABY CROCODILES.

THE charming little monsters pictured here probably enjoy the distinction of being the only baby crocodiles at whose birth in Central Africa a British doctor has assisted. Their birthday was Oct. 28 last year. They were born natives of one of a group of small islands which is situated in the River Congo below Lake Mweru, and which has rarely, if ever, been visited before by white men.

They were discovered in the very act of hatching out by Dr. G. E. Tilsley, F.R.G.S., a missionary, who was tramping through the thorny scrub on their island, about thirty yards from the water which divided it from the next one, when his native companion drew his attention to a slight but persistent cackling noise. Unable to diagnose what was causing it, they hunted for its source, and eventually made out that it proceeded from a patch of loosened sand at the foot of a small shrub. The surface soil was undulating slightly. On scooping away the hot sand to a depth of about three or four inches, they found a clutch of nineteen white crocodile eggs. Each one was about three inches long and one and three-quarter inches broad. One baby crocodile was already out of its shell struggling to push its nose through the sand; another had got its head free only; while several eggs were jerking about and emitting "cack-cack, cack-cack" noises and tappings.

The mother croc was nowhere to be seen. This was as usual, for though it was she who had scraped the shallow hollow for them with her fore-feet, and though at first she had spent many hours lying in the sun above the clutch, as they approached the later stages of their incubation she had become less and

less concerned about them, and had gradually shortened and then ceased her visits. The baby crocs, as soon as they had succeeded in hammering open a small round hole at one end of their egg, pushing back the lid, or operculum, emerged nose first. One clumsy fellow made such a to-do about getting his shoulders out that he broke the

several minutes in stretching his neck and legs and back, blinking open his eyes, and doing what looked very much like yawning. And all the while he would be exercising his new-found vocal abilities in "cack-cack" noises varied by an occasional shrill little squeak. At first they were slightly wet with slime, but the hot sun soon dried them off. Before very long they began movements of purposeful crawling, and were soon travelling nearly as fast as a man would gently stroll. It was very remarkable that, of the seventeen youngsters (two of the eggs were addled), every single one made tracks towards the water. Not one made off away from the river. Now, from where they were the water was invisible even to a man standing up; and the flow made no sound audible to humans. So the question is: by what sense or instinct were the baby crocs guided toward their natural element? Did they smell the water, and had they an inborn liking for such a smell that attracted them towards it!

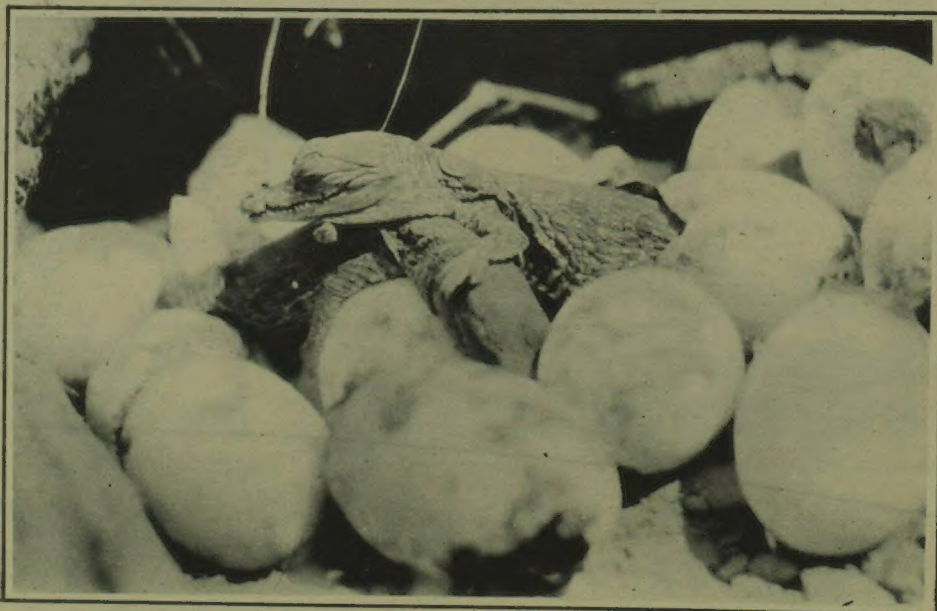
But alas for medical intervention! In those parts the branches of the river are alive with these dangerous beasts, which swarm there in thousands. So much so that, although a woman drawing water will not put her foot into the river, but laps the water into her vessel with quick movements of a ladle-shaped gourd, every year the crocodiles exact a terrible tribute of human lives from the tribesmen, the va-Kunda, who fish the waters and live on the banks of that stretch of the Congo. So, for the sake of the natives, these babies had to be killed before their first walk had taken them to the edge of the waters where, if they had escaped their many natural enemies, they might have grown up into man-killers.

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A NEST OF POTENTIAL MAN-KILLERS HATCHING OUT IN CENTRAL AFRICA: PART OF A CLUTCH OF NINETEEN CROCODILE EGGS DISCOVERED IN THE SAND ON A CONGO ISLAND—SHOWING NEW-BORN BABY "CROCS."



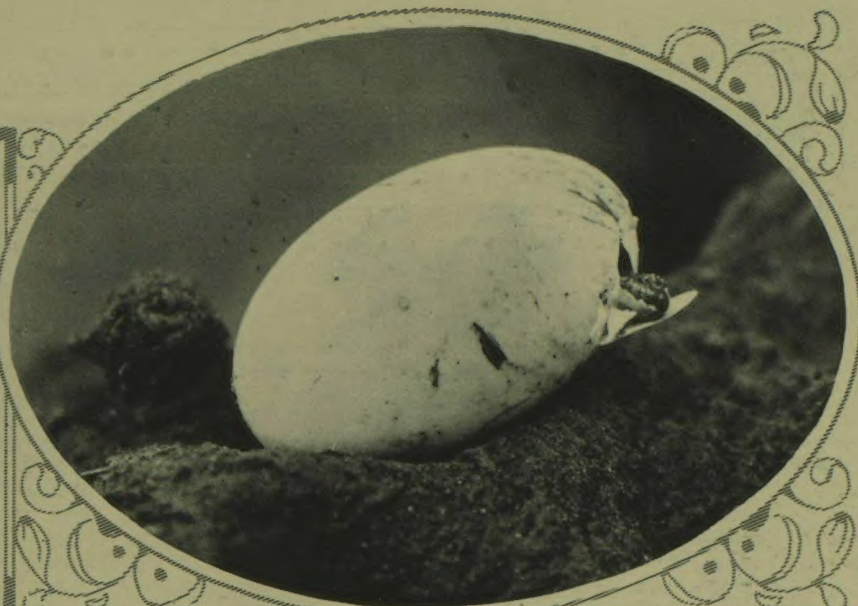
A NEW-BORN BABY CROCODILE IN THE ACT OF EMERGING FROM ITS EGG AND CLASPING ANOTHER OF THE BROOD: A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH ON AN ISLAND IN THE CONGO.

THE BIRTH OF A CROCODILE: STAGES OF LEAVING THE EGG.

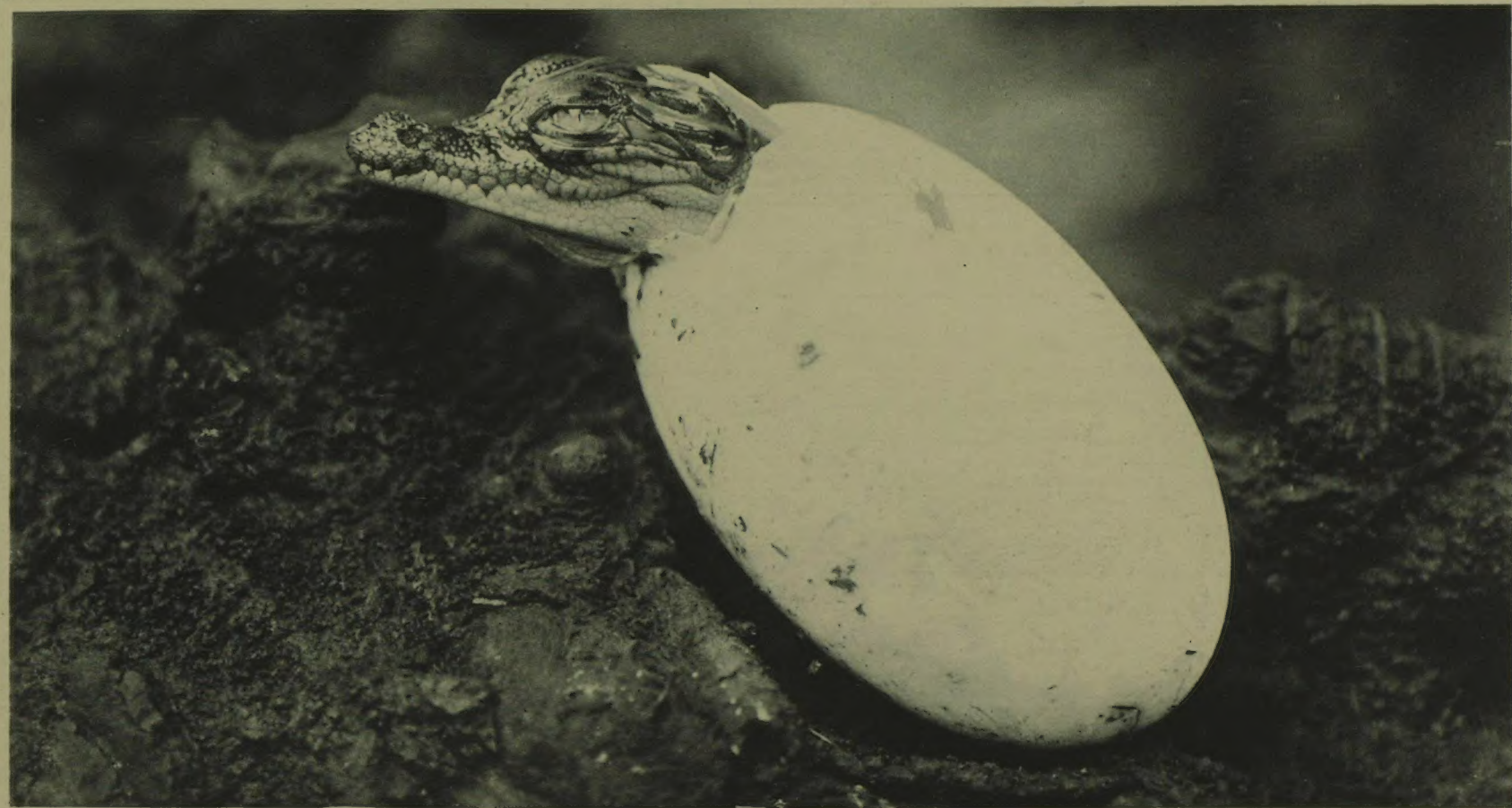
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELIX KOPSTEIN. BY COURTESY OF "ASIA" MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.



1. THE FIRST STAGE: A SMALL PIECE OF THE OUTER CALCAREOUS SHELL HAS BROKEN OFF AND A ROUND CUT APPEARS ON THE INNER SKIN OF THE EGG.



2. THE SECOND STAGE OF A SLOW PROCESS: A FEW HOURS LATER THE NOSE OF THE BABY CROCODILE IS SEEN PROTRUDING THROUGH THE HOLE.



3. "THEN, WITH A SUDDEN PUSH, THE CLUMSY HEAD IS FACING THE NEW WORLD": THE THIRD STAGE IN THE HATCHING OF A BABY CROCODILE, OF THE COMMON EASTERN SPECIES, *CROCODILUS POROSUS*, FROM AN EGG DUG FROM A NEST ON A RIVER-BANK.



4. "AN APPROACHING FINGER IS CONFRONTED WITH OPEN MUZZLE": THE FOURTH STAGE, INDICATING SAVAGE PROPENSITIES.



5. "ANOTHER PUSH—AND THERE IS THE NEW-BORN REPTILE ON THE GROUND": THE PROCESS OF BIRTH COMPLETED.

These remarkable photographs of the birth of a crocodile, showing various stages of its emergence from the egg, were taken at a laboratory in Java, along with that reproduced on our front page, but (as there noted) the egg, with others, had been dug out from a natural nest on a river-bank close to the southern shore of the island. "Slowly [we read in a descriptive note published in "ASIA" magazine] the baby crocodile emerges from the egg. First (Fig. 1) a small piece of the outside calcareous shell has broken off and a round cut is seen in the inside skin of the egg. A few hours later the nose comes through (Fig. 2). Then, with a sudden

push, the clumsy head is facing the new world (Fig. 3). Although just issuing from the embryo stage, the crocodile already feels its coming power. An approaching finger is confronted with open muzzle (Fig. 4). Another push—and there is the new-born reptile on the ground (Fig. 5). The species to which this baby "croc" belongs is *Crocodilus porosus*, common in the East. It is interesting to compare these photographs with those on page 242, illustrating the same process of birth in an African species under natural conditions, in the hatching of a clutch of crocodile eggs found in the sand on an island in the Congo.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE have been several informing articles of late about the reconstruction of Turkey. They are valuable both by what they say and what they mean, and what they say without meaning to say it. For there are very deep questions involved, which diplomatists have a habit of self-consciously ignoring and yet subconsciously fearing. Of course, the modern world in one way grows more and more diplomatic. It is more careful than most generations have been to give optimistic names to pessimistic things. Even the word "reconstruction" is, in that sense, a typical modern word. Many things are sternly and even ruthlessly condemned to be reconstructed; as if we were to offer to reconstruct a man by cutting off his head and sticking his arms and legs on spikes round the city wall. That is certainly reconstructing a man, in the sense of rearranging him. It may truly be described as a form of publicity, and even as a form of confidence in the public authority. It is certainly an example of uplift, and may be said to extend personality over a wider sphere and broaden the appeal to the great heart of humanity. But what would interest the man's friends, or conceivably even the man himself, is the more delicate question of whether something is not lost in the transformation; whether something subtle and elusive does not escape at a certain stage of the alterations and repairs; and whether that vanished something is what many had superstitiously regarded as the man himself.

Fastidious transcendentalists of this type, therefore, will always tend to regard modern reforms and reconstructions, not always with suspicion, but often with suspension of judgment. They will wonder whether the reformers are really reforming something, or merely forming something different. And in this matter of modernised Turkey there is a special irony, which is quite curious and quite unnoticed. Everybody knows the old proverb about the problem of the Turks in Europe. Everybody knows that Gladstone said the Turk should go out bag and baggage. Possibly we have here the mysterious origin of the Gladstone bag. Everybody knows that one of the last Tsars said that the Turk was a very sick man, and that if he died soon we should have the problem of administering his property; especially the delicate task of administering it to ourselves. Since then, as very often happens, the sick man has conspicuously survived the strong man. Some have even doubted whether the Turk really was sick, however sick other people might be of the Turk. But all these old controversies rather left unsettled the question of what is really meant by talking about the Turk. Indeed, in this respect, the new controversies are often not much better than the old controversies. And one thing at least might be borne in mind: that it is one thing to talk about Turks, and quite another thing to talk about Turkey.

The ideals or implications of the League of Nations, the moral and political philosophy more or less rightly read into it, are connected with certain conceptions native to Western Europe, or to the Western Republic that was founded from Western Europe. Some of the ideas thus implied I happen to like very much myself, and none more than the idea of nationality. But I think we must recognise that this type of local

loyalty is itself a local thing. We must not assume that all groups are nations, any more than that all records are newspapers, or that all assemblies are Parliaments. A particular type of product has appeared in our own civilisation; but it is not so large even as our own civilisation, let alone the other civilisations of the world. There are other things larger and more enduring than nations, and especially those called religions. Now, it seems to me that, in a case like Turkey, the course of reform has been in one sense quite reactionary. At least it has been so, if it is reactionary to change from something broader to something narrower. What the Young Turks did was to take

rather nondescript members of his religious empire who happened to live nearest to his palace and his throne. But the thing that bound them together in battle or in pilgrimage, the thing that they all understood and the thing that made them count in the affairs of their fellow men, was a loyalty to the Sultan simply as the head of the world of Islam, which was equally present in the heart of Himalayan India or on the coast that looks across at Spain. Now I do think it is, especially on modern and humanitarian principles (of which we hear so much) a considerable responsibility to take this really broad sort of brotherhood in religion and artificially manufacture out of it a narrow nationalistic system, bristling with the flags and frontiers which are being so much regretted and reviled everywhere else in the world. I have already explained that I am not myself one of those who thus regret and revile. But I do think it is, to say the least of it, a strange irony, and even something of a grim joke, that the modern movement of progress and enlightenment should have stopped the Turks from being Brethren of the Faith and turned them into Jingoists of the Flag.

This seems to be, more or less, what really happened to the great European outpost of Islam when the twentieth century tried to turn it into an ordinary European country. I believe, for instance, that the first reformers tried to abandon those simple and universal prayers to God before battle which linked these men with thousands of their fellows from the sunrise to the sunset, and with all their glorious dead in the wars of a thousand years. For this it became necessary to substitute, in the manner of the modern French and American Republics, a salutation of the flag, or some expression of devotion to the fatherland. But the French devotion to flag and fatherland was a thing firmly rooted centuries before St. Joan; and her countrymen still feel her patriotism even when they ignore her faith. The Americans at least have never had any other creed than that expressed in their pattern of equal stars, and certainly no other creed wider, or anything like so wide. In America the native religions are all much narrower than the citizenship. But for the Turk his religion would be much wider than his citizenship. And he did really have a religion, while it is still doubtful whether he will ever really have a citizenship, or any abiding city.

These are days when the Christian is expected to praise every creed except his own, and especially to lament that Christianity is not Christian, because it is not Buddhist. But the modern spirit does some strange injustices to the religions that are not

Christian, and are also not Buddhist. And a marked example may be found here, in the calm assumption that to turn Turkey into a modern Western State can only be a pure improvement. The defects of the great Moslem religion are clear to some of us; in sterility and stagnation and a frozen imagery. But it has one great and glorious superiority to many of the fads of Western Europe. It has no Chosen Race; it has no nonsense about lesser breeds without the law; it has no rant of merely racial superiority; there is a brotherhood of men, if it be a brotherhood of Moslems. That was the whole difference between the Turks and the Prussians, and is why any civilised Christian would infinitely prefer the Turks.



APPOINTED ARCHBISHOP OF YORK: THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM TEMPLE, D.LITT., D.D., BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

Dr. Temple, who has been appointed to succeed the Archbishop of York on his translation to Canterbury in November, is a son of the late Dr. Frederick Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury whom Dr. Randall Davidson succeeded in 1903. Dr. William Temple was born in 1881 at the Palace, Exeter, during his father's Bishopric there, and was educated at Rugby, where his father had been Headmaster, and at Balliol, of which college his father was a Fellow. He himself was President of the Oxford Union and a Fellow and Lecturer at Queen's. He has since been Headmaster of Repton (1910-14), Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly (1914-18), Canon of Westminster (1919-21), and Bishop of Manchester since 1921. He was formerly President of the Workers' Educational Union, and has written a number of religious and philosophical books. He has been a strong supporter of the Prayer Book Measure and has leanings towards the ideals of the Labour Party.

what was in many ways a broad religion and narrow it into a nation.

There was no such thing as a European nation of Turkey, any more than there is any such thing as a European nation of Tibet. The Grand Lama lives in Tibet, and is supposed to be the head of a great religious system, which might easily ramify all over Asia. The Caliph lived in Constantinople, and was the head of a great religious system, which does in fact ramify all over the world. Turkey was only important because it was the name given on the map to the country that lay round about the holy city of the Sultan; Turks were only the (often

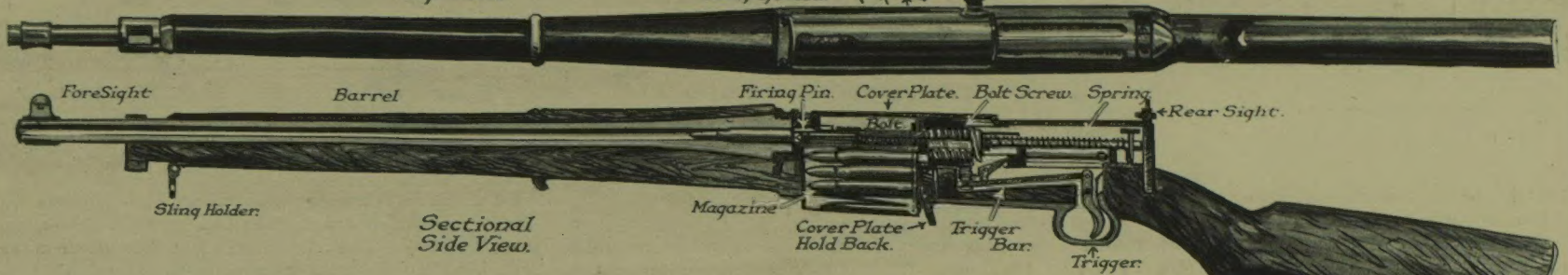
THE COMING OF THE AUTOMATIC RIFLE: TYPES OF NEW FIRE-ARMS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)

The B.S.A. Thompson selfloading semi-automatic rifle.

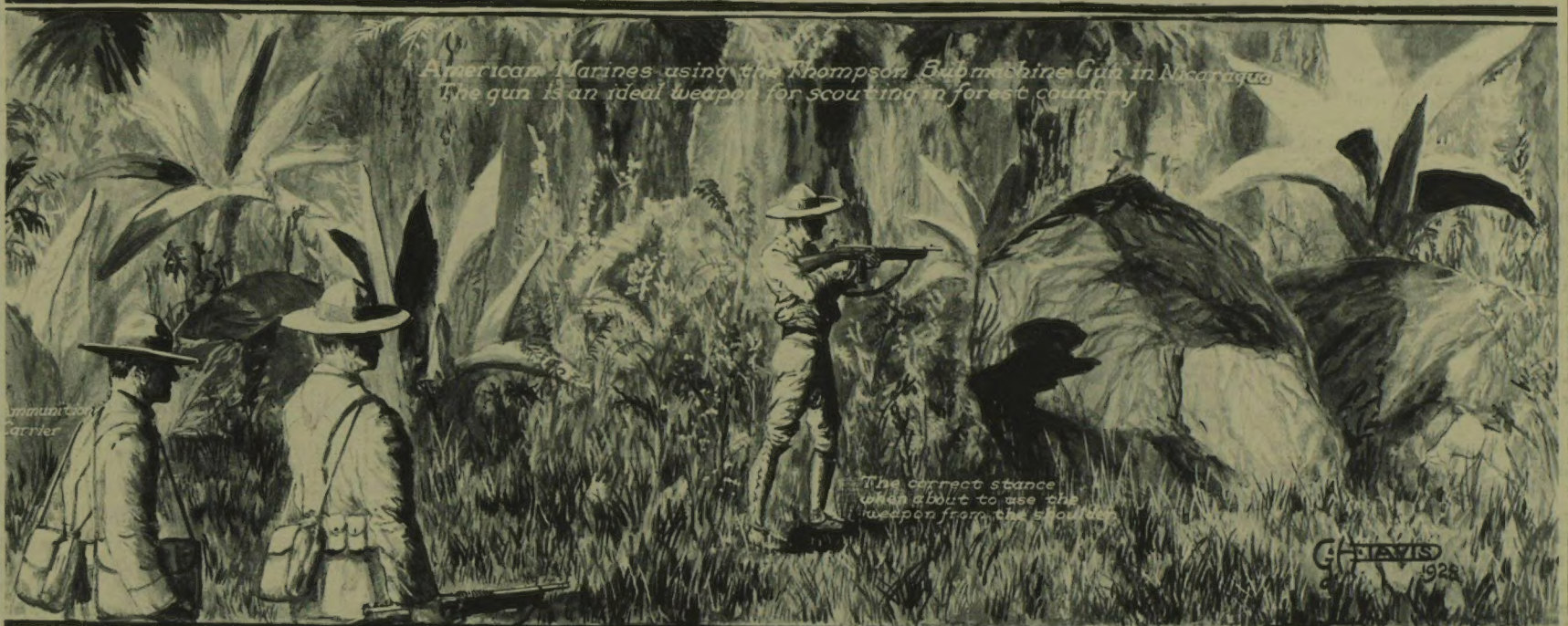
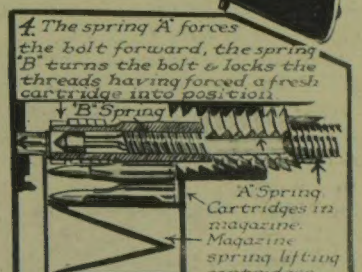
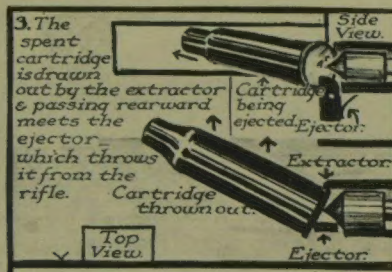
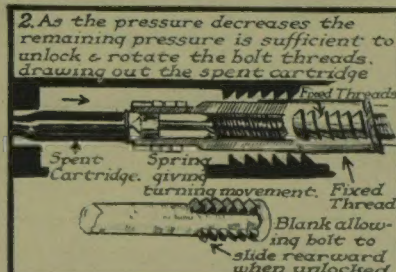
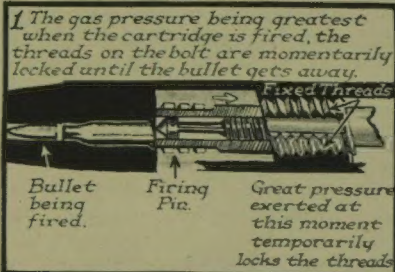
Top View.

Cartridge being ejected.

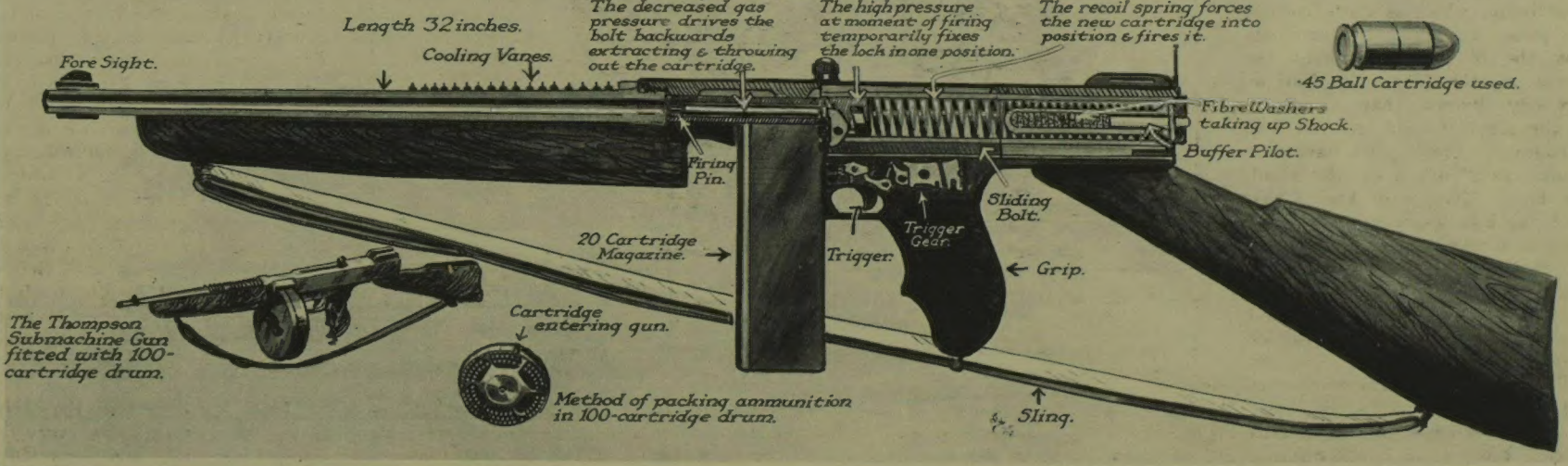


Sectional Side View.

Four Simple Diagrams illustrating the working principle.



The Thompson Submachine Gun.



ELIMINATING THE MANUAL OPERATION OF EXTRACTION BY BOLT: THE NEW B.S.A. THOMPSON SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE (AWARDED A £3000 GOVERNMENT PRIZE) AND THE THOMPSON SUBMACHINE GUN—DETAILS OF MECHANISM.

The B.S.A. Thompson Semi-Automatic Rifle, recently awarded the £3000 prize offered by the British Government, has the advantage over the present Service rifle that the cartridge after firing is automatically ejected and a fresh one placed into firing position. Gas pressure excited at the moment of firing locks the threads on the bolts, but as the pressure decreases the threads are released, a turning movement is imparted by a spiral spring, and the bolt is unscrewed and passes along grooves to the rear, thus drawing out the spent cartridge, which comes into contact with the ejector and is thrown out. The rear spring forces the bolt forward again, the turning movement is again imparted, and the screws interlocked; at the same time a new cartridge is forced into position. The rifle is 46½ inches long and weighs 1½ lb. more than the present Service rifle. The

Thompson Submachine Gun has been adopted by the U.S.A., and has been of considerable use in Nicaragua. The weapon has a sliding bolt moving backwards and forwards in grooves. As it is fired, the period of high-chamber pressure causes the lock to become fixed by adhesion of its surface to the fixed framework of the gun; as the pressure subsides the bolt is forced back, compressing a spring and withdrawing the spent cartridge, which, striking the ejector, as in the semi-automatic rifle, is thrown out. A spring forces the bolt forward and introduces the next cartridge, which is fired when the bolt reaches the end of its stroke. The weapon uses the .45 Colt automatic revolver bullet, weighs 9½ lb., and is 32 inches in length. The trigger mechanism allows firing of single shots by each separate pull of the trigger or automatic bursts of 100 shots a minute.

THE "SENTINEL OF ENGLAND" RE-LIVES HER STORIES OF THE PAST: PAGEANTRY AT CARLISLE.



DRUIDS PREPARING TO SACRIFICE A VIRGIN—LATER RESCUED BY ROMAN SOLDIERS AND PRESENTED BY HADRIAN WITH A GOLD NECKLACE (FOUND ON A WOMAN'S SKELETON UNearthED IN 1925): EPISODE I. (A.D. 122).



MERLIN (IN LEFT FOREGROUND, SPEAKING IN MIDDLES, FORETELLS THE FATE OF KING ARTHUR, WHO SAVES SOUTH BRITAIN FROM THE PICTS: A SCENE IN EPISODE II. (A.D. 500).



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD (BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE, THE YOUNG PRETENDER), AT CARLISLE AFTER HIS VICTORY AT PRESTON PANS, APPEALS FOR ARMED SUPPORT TO AID HIS CAUSE: EPISODE VIII. (A.D. 1745).



ST. CUTHBERT (ON RIGHT) BLESSING A WOUNDED SOLDIER FROM THE BATTLE OF NECHTANSMERE: AN INCIDENT IN EPISODE III. REPRESENTING EVENTS AT CARLISLE IN 685 A.D.



WILLIAM RUFUS COMMANDS THE BUILDING OF CARLISLE CASTLE, AND SENDS HIS FLEMISH MASONRY TO COLLECT STONES FROM HADRIAN'S WALL: EPISODE IV. (A.D. 1093).



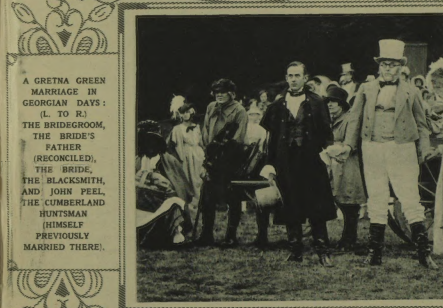
THE GOVERNOR OF CARLISLE CASTLE WHO SHIELDED MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AFTER HER FLIGHT FROM THE BATTLE OF LANGSIDE: SIR RICHARD LOWTHER (MR. DESMOND GREENE) IN EPISODE VI. (A.D. 1568).



HENRY I., AT THE INSTANCE OF THURSTIN, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK (RIGHT FOREGROUND), CREATES THE BISHOPRIC OF CARLISLE AND APPOINTS ATHELWULF FIRST BISHOP: EPISODE IV. SCENE 2 (A.D. 1132).



DIGNITY AND INNOCENCE: THURSTIN, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, IN THE TIME OF HENRY I. (SEE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH), WITH ONE OF THE SMALLEST CHILD-PERFORMERS.



A GREYNA GREEN MARRIAGE IN GEORGIAN DAYS: I. TO BE THE BRIDEGROOM, THE BRIDE'S FATHER (RECONCILED), THE BRIDE, THE BLACKSMITH, AND JOHN PELL, THE CUMBERLAND HUNSMAN (HIMSELF PREVIOUSLY MARRIED THERE).



THE DEAN OF CARLISLE AS TIME, WITH SCYTHES AND HOUR-GLASS, WHO IN THE INTRODUCTION IS ASKED BY THE PAGEANT CHORUS TO "REVEAL THE TRUTH AND SOUL OF OUR CITY."



THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE AS MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, REPRESENTING HER ON HER ARRIVAL AT CARLISLE AFTER ESCAPING FROM THE BATTLE OF LANGSIDE.

The great historical pageant of Carlisle, with 4000 performers, was opened by Lord Londale on August 6, and continued until to-day, the 11th). Among the patrons were the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Gloucester, and Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles. Many well-known people took part, including the Kinmont Willie, the Dean of Carlisle as Father Time, speaker of the prologue, and Canon Saunders as Edward I. The nine episodes ranged over a period of some 1800 years, from Roman to Georgian times. "The object of the Pageant (to quote a descriptive booklet) is to impress upon the public the great part played by Carlisle during nearly twenty centuries in the history of the country, and its unique position and importance in bygone days as the frontier fortress and sentinel of England in these north-western regions." After the introduction, in which Time undertakes to reveal the soul of the city, the suc-

cessive episodes are summarised as follows: I. The Emperor Hadrian enters Carlisle and decides to fix the boundary of the Roman Empire, A.D. 122. II. King Arthur saves South Britain from the Picts, A.D. 500. III. Scene 1. St. Cuthbert has a vision of King Egfrith of Northumbria slain at Nechtansmere, A.D. 685. Scene 2. St. Cuthbert's body is brought to Carlisle, A.D. 875. IV. Scene 1. William Rufus builds the Castle and Walter the Priest builds the Cathedral, A.D. 1093. Scene 2. Henry I. endows the Cathedral of Carlisle, A.D. 1132. V. Edward I. governs England from Carlisle and sets out for Scotland. His funeral procession returns. A.D. 1307. VI. Mary Queen of Scots arrives at Carlisle after the flight from Langside, A.D. 1568. VII. Kinmont Willie, imprisoned in the Castle, is rescued by Buccleuch, A.D. 1596. VIII. Prince Charles Edward (Bonnie Prince Charlie) receives the keys of Carlisle. His father proclaimed James III. The Young Pretender's retreat. A.D. 1745. IX. Gretna Green. Finale—a massed tableau.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHAT a book we should have if all the secrets ever confided to doctors could be chronicled! We are about as likely to get it, of course, as to learn those imparted under the seal of the confessional, or to read the piquant annals of the Recording Angel. Without betraying confidences, however, the doctor can always be trusted for a good story or beguiling reminiscences, and it seems to me there is room for a popular history of medicine on the personal and anecdotal side. I should even be prepared to devote the remainder of my days to compiling it, if some discerning philanthropist would provide me with a suitable income. There is a rich field of research here, for in all ages the physician has been a man of mark. It was surely an exceptional spot—that remote Cornish village where one of the inhabitants, asked by a visitor what they did in case of serious illness, replied: "Us doesn't have no doctor. Us just dies a natural death."

These reflections arise from the perusal of a book that seeks to dethrone Æsculapius as the patron deity of healing and to supplant him by an Egyptian predecessor. I do not fancy the effort will succeed, however just the claim, for it is hard to dislodge the weight of tradition. That, however, does not lessen the attraction of the work wherein the attempt is made—namely, "IMHOTEP." The Vizier and Physician of King Zoser and afterwards the Egyptian God of Medicine. By Jamieson B. Hurry, M.A., M.D. Second and revised edition. With many illustrations (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 10s. 6d.). I believe I reviewed the first edition of Dr. Hurry's book here, but I am very glad to return to the subject, as he has collected an abundance of new material that casts many side-lights, from a fresh angle of view, on the fascinating story of ancient Egypt.

Dr. Imhotep—to judge by his statues here pictured—could not boast the dignified appearance of a Greek god. His rather perky little figure contrasts strangely with the majestic mien of his royal patron, Pharaoh Zoser, whose statue, I note, is reproduced (with due acknowledgment) from *The Illustrated London News*. Nor would Imhotep's attire, as represented in statuary, be considered quite professional in Harley Street; but in a wall-painting reproduced in colour as the frontispiece he makes a braver show, in a neat symphony of crimson, green, and gold. To become the King's Vizier, he must have possessed the qualities of a courtier, and probably he had a good bedside manner and could tell an amusing story, for his mouth suggests a sense of humour. He was also, evidently, a man of great learning and versatility—the Leonardo da Vinci of his day—for we hear of him at various times as Court Architect, Chief Lector, Priest or Ritualist, Sage and Scribe, Magician, and Astronomer.

It is getting on for five thousand years since Dr. Imhotep practised in Egypt. He was born in a suburb of Memphis, about 3000 B.C. "Well-nigh twenty-five centuries," writes Dr. Hurry, "elapsed between the time when Imhotep held office under Pharaoh Zoser and the time when he was raised to the rank of full deity of medicine. His apotheosis appears to have taken place somewhere about 525 B.C., the year in which Egypt was conquered by Cambyses and became a Persian province. . . . His record reaches from the Pyramid age through the Middle and New Kingdoms, and far into the period of Egyptian servitude, almost, indeed, until the subjugation of the country by the Arabs in A.D. 640. . . . During the later periods of Egyptian history, Imhotep, *alias* Imouthes, became more and more closely identified with Asklepios, or Æsculapius, the Greek, and afterwards the Roman, god of medicine."

A specially interesting section of Dr. Hurry's book is the chapter on Egyptian pathology, the pharmacopœia in use, and therapeutic methods, as recorded in ancient papyri. No manuscript is actually assigned to Imhotep, but doubtless he contributed to the medical literature of his time. Egypt, we are told, was far in advance of any other country in medical science, a fact largely due to the custom of mummification, which "not only familiarised the Egyptians with the form and position of many internal organs, but reconciled the people for more than thirty centuries to the idea of cutting the dead human body."

From ancient Egypt I turn to modern days in the land of Cambyses, as described in a delightful volume of stories and sketches entitled "A PERSIAN CARAVAN." By A. Cecil Edwards. With eight illustrations (Duckworth; 8s. 6d.). The pictures, which enhanced the flavour of the book, are

taken from a collection of Persian miniatures, old and new. "They have been included (we read), though they do not directly illustrate the text, because they represent with more finish and fidelity than ever the author can attain, some of the people whom he has endeavoured to portray." Here the author's modesty hardly does justice to his merits, for he has given us some admirable delineations of Persian life and character in a humorous, colloquial style.

There is an incidental element of medical interest in Mr. Edwards's book, for more than one story describes peculiar experiences of a Western doctor practising in a remote Persian town. The very first chapter, indeed, called "The Clock (The Doctor's Story)," contains a delicious anecdote about a grave Persian dignitary who succumbed to an acute attack of kleptomania. He came to pay a social call on the doctor, and greatly admired the clock on the mantelpiece. The doctor's dog happened to create a disturbance, and, as "to Persians all dogs are unclean," he had to be turned out. After the doctor had re-entered the room, he eventually felt rather bored with his taciturn but adhesive visitor, and glanced towards

prefers to remain

anonymous, but the title carries one's memory back nearly thirty years to "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," and, though my recollections of that work are somewhat vague, I should say that the new book, in human interest, if not altogether in mood and manner, is not unworthy to be bracketed with it.

We have here a case of temporary "incompatibility" and separation—voluntary, not judicial. A young wife has left her husband because, as she puts it to him in an opening letter: "You've been bored for at least a year, and I've been bored for ages." She did not, however, conceal her address—fortunately for the reading public, for otherwise this book would not have existed in its present form. The remainder consists of the husband's letters to her, interspersed with a series of postscripts which hint that there was a certain element of jealousy, besides boredom, in the lady's motives. Thus there is a slender thread of story running through the book, but its charm consists in the letters themselves, which express the philosophy of marriage in a sprightly, genial vein, and touch incidentally on many other matters, grave and gay, in the spirit of an intimate and discursive essayist. It is, in fact, a little difficult to imagine how such a good talker and so companionable a person, obviously devoted to his wife, could ever have bored her. Jealousy, I think, was the real motive.

To return to Imhotep's profession—this is how it comes in. "Over a cup of tea at the club," writes the grass widower, "I fell into talk with a thoughtful doctor. He is a Scotsman, like so many doctors. . . . He has all his people's gift for being interested in thought and feeling, their causes and effects. . . . He is never content when he finds an illness, or an accident, to supply a remedy for it and then go his way. He puts his mind to the psychology of that illness and that accident, the conditions of their coming, the influences, physical and spiritual, which they exert, and the effects they leave behind them." The philosophic doctor delivers sage counsel on matrimony, and the disconsolate husband, reminded of Sir Thomas Browne and Oliver Wendell Holmes, observes: "I love doctor-authors for their mellowness and their wisdom."

There is always a doctor, of course, in every story of travel or adventure, and no exception to the rule is afforded by "POLICING THE TOP OF THE WORLD." By Herbert Patrick Lee. With twenty-one illustrations and two maps (Lane; 8s. 6d.). At a time when the Arctic circle has figured so much in the popular mind, through the chain of disasters and rescues connected with the airship *Italia*, this vivid account of police work within four hundred miles of the Pole has a topical quality to recommend it, apart from its own intrinsic interest. Although the author is not describing any spectacular enterprise in exploration, his book by no means lacks the thrills of danger and endurance, nor is it wanting in an element of novelty. If he cannot say, with the poet—

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea,

he and his companions can at least claim to have gone where no policeman ever went before; to have extended the long arm of the law into regions "Robert" never knew.

"When the Canadian Government," he writes, "decided to enforce its jurisdiction over the vast lands lying to the north of the Arctic Circle, it very naturally turned that duty over to the force which had already done such splendid work in the North-West Territories—the Mounted Police." The posts were to be few in number and to consist of three men each, and the first expedition sailed from Quebec, in the *Arctic*, in July 1922. The author was one of the three men, chosen from a host of applications, to form a post in Ellesmere Land, the most northerly in Canada, and there he spent two strenuous years, during which they learnt the customs of the Eskimos, discovered prehistoric remains, hunted bears and walrus, and encountered terrific blizzards.

It was a lonely life, and great was their joy, at the end of each year, when the good ship *Arctic* again hove in sight, bringing fresh companionship and news of the outside world. On one of these occasions the ship's doctor prescribed some very pleasing medicine. "Then followed a talk with Commander Craig and a visit to 'Doc' Livingstone's room, where the 'Doc' unearthed a couple of bottles of good Quebec beer. It was all too wonderful for words." So here's a health to the "Doc" and all his beneficent fraternity, whether they drink to the name of Æsculapius or Imhotep!

C. E. B.



THE KING OF SPAIN MADE A FIELD-MARSHAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY: HIS MAJESTY WEARING THE UNIFORM OF HIS NEW RANK AND CARRYING HIS BATON.

During King Alfonso's recent visit to London last month, the following announcement appeared: "The King has promoted General his Majesty Alfonso XIII., King of Spain, K.G., G.C.V.O., Colonel-in-Chief, 16/5th Lancers, to be a Field-Marshal in the Army." As noted in our last issue, King Alfonso has recently been at Santander for the arrival of yachts engaged in the Transatlantic race from New York. On August 1 it was stated that he had ordered Spanish naval stations and semaphores to keep a look-out for one of the yachts, the "Asara," which was missing. Several Spanish war-ships went in search of her.

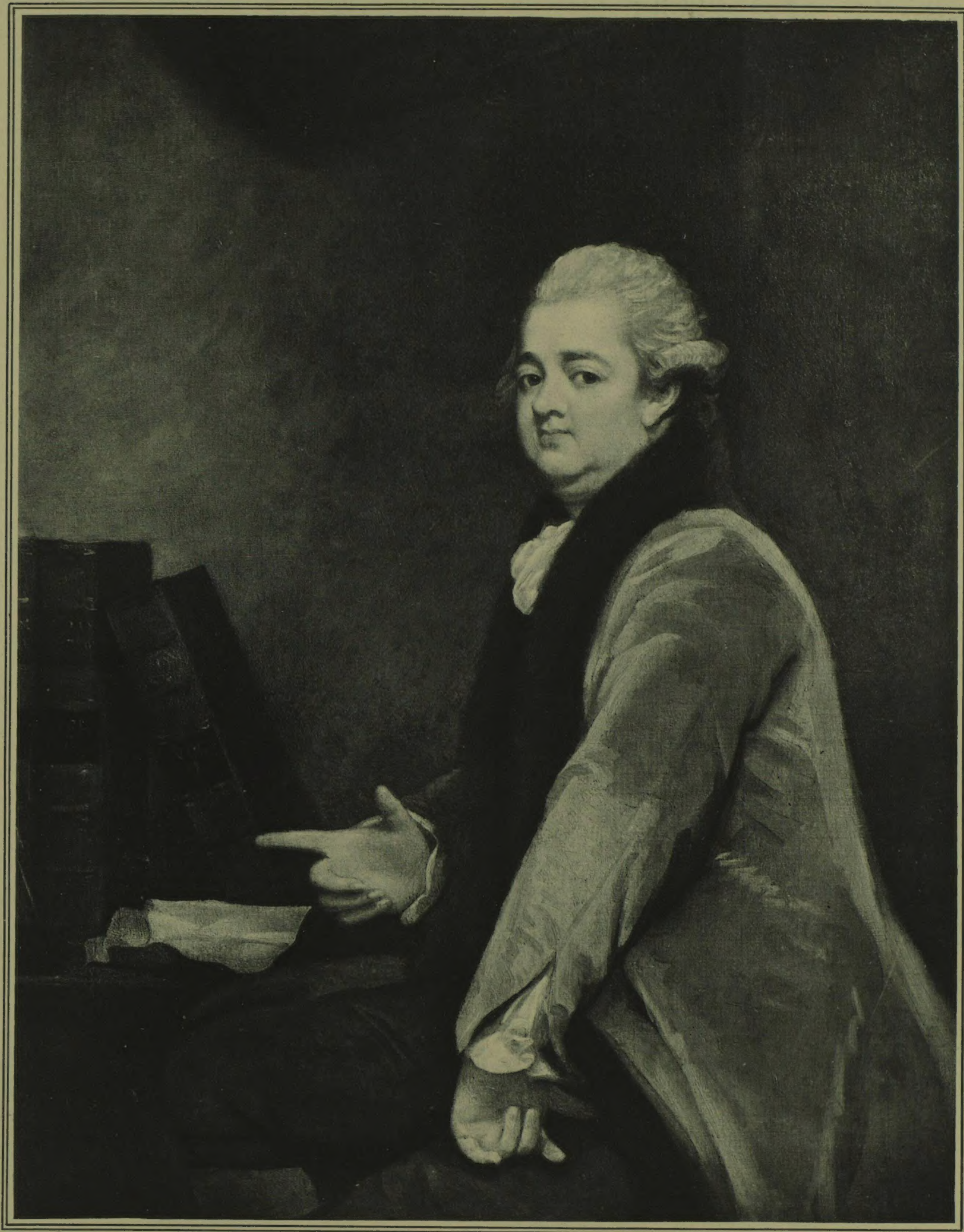
the mantelpiece. "The clock was not there!" Then came a dreadful ordeal.

"Suddenly, from beneath the ample folds of Agha Seyyid Fazyl's mantle, I heard a little grinding sound, as of revolving wheels, followed by a muffled stroke. Then another, and another, and another—the clock struck twelve! . . . There was a momentary quiver of Agha Seyyid Fazyl's enormous bulk. His impassive face became ashen, but he did not move a muscle." The sequel is too long to be given here, and I will leave readers the pleasure of discovering it for themselves.

It is curious how doctors have a way of cropping up in almost every kind of book, even those having no concern with their profession. I have just come across an instance where one would hardly have expected it, in "THE LOVE LETTERS OF A HUSBAND" (Cassell; 6s.). The author

"THE GREAT ROMAN HISTORIAN": A FINE ROMNEY NOW IN LONDON.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF LORD BEAUCHAMP AND OF MESSRS. SPINK AND SONS.



EDWARD GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE": A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF AN ENGLISH WORTHY OF WHOM THE NATION POSSESSES BUT ONE MINOR PORTRAIT.

Concerning this remarkably interesting portrait, it is written in Hayley's "Life of Romney": "In the beginning of the following year, 1783, he painted for me another friend of high literary distinction—the great Roman historian. I had the pleasure of introducing Gibbon to Romney, and of seeing that they were greatly pleased with each other. I hardly remember a day spent in London with higher social entertainment than one we passed together in Bentinck Street, where our host [Gibbon] enchanted us by the good-natured wit and instructive vivacity of his conversation." The Rev. John Romney, referring to it, said: "And a half-length portrait of Gibbon for Mr. Hayley. This is a very fine picture, but I remember being dissatisfied with what I thought

savoured of affectation—a viciousness in design into which Mr. Romney's correct feeling never suffered him to be seduced. It was the pointing of the finger, which I endeavoured to account for by attributing to a peculiar habit of the sitter. I have since, however, met with a passage in Dante which has entirely satisfied me with respect to the propriety of that action—'Ed ora attendi qui, e drizzò 'l dito.' It may be added that the nation possesses but one portrait of Gibbon—by a minor artist, H. Walton, in the National Portrait Gallery. Now would seem to be the opportunity to enrich the country's collection with this admirable Romney, which comes from Madresfield Court, and is to be seen at the moment at Messrs. Spink's.

The Scientific Side of the Detection of Crime.

No. VIII.—TATTOOING AND THE CRIMINAL.*

By H. ASHTON-WOLFE, Assistant Investigator under Dr. Georges Bérout, Director of the Marseilles Scientific Police Laboratories.

ALTHOUGH the denizens of the underworld should be the very last to decorate their bodies with indelible marks, nearly every one of them is tattooed. Professor Lombroso was of the opinion that tattooing, when practised to any extent, is a symptom of degeneracy, or, at least, a sign of reversion to the primitive; and he is probably right. Lacassagne, the great criminologist, adds: "The subjects which embellish the skin of a man are an infallible indication of his character, his morals, and his mode of life, and generally betray the profession chosen at the outset of his career."

This is undoubtedly true. A man is not necessarily a criminal because he is tattooed, but only those in whose blood surges the spirit of adventure, or a latent unrest and dissatisfaction with the monotonous routine of some humdrum profession, submit themselves to the unpleasant and even painful art of the tattooer.

Originally, tattooing served many purposes. In tropical lands, where the heat makes clothing an irksome burden, it ornamented the nude skin. In the South Seas it was, and still is, a proof of virile manhood, and in the Marquesas and Samoan Islands a youth is not admitted to the privileges of the hunters and fighters until he has passed victoriously through a long and painful operation which covers his legs from thigh to knee with a complex design of arabesques. The inflammation this causes is so severe that many die. Those who survive rank henceforth as full-grown men. There are many islands where beautiful figures costing large amounts in shell money or produce are tattooed on the back of a maiden to render her more valuable in the eyes of the young bucks. Many savages disfigure themselves with fearsome designs intended to exaggerate their naturally ferocious appearance, in order to

and have classified thousands of photographs. It is thus possible to determine the country to which the man belongs, and even his speciality. Confidence tricksters, who rank as the *élite* among criminals, and whose female admirers are usually



TATTOOED WITH HEADS OF FOCH AND OTHER GENERALS, WITH THE MOTTO "HATE ALL MEN" ON HIS RIGHT SHOULDER: A "NON-COM." OF THE FRENCH PENAL ARMY.

The story of the crimes in which three men tattooed as shown in these photographs were involved is told by Mr. Ashton-Wolfe at the end of his article begun here.

popular courtesans, favour the more artistic compositions, and are rarely tattooed on the arms. Pickpockets, because they generally live on the immoral earnings of women, decorate their bodies with mottoes such as "I love Paulette for life," "Faithful to the last," and the names and crude portraits of their temporary loves. This also applies to the apache or hooligan. Burglars and footpads (because they nearly always began life as locksmiths, mechanics or carpenters) often carry the tools of their erstwhile profession tattooed on the forearm. The British criminal also favours emblems of a former profession, such as the hammer, anvil, and tongs of the smith, the anchor and ship of the sailor, or the dumbbells and strong man in tights of the wandering acrobat. He likes flags, artistic fishes, snakes, dragons, and butterflies; and those who have served as soldiers in the colonies have a *penchant* for exotic designs. It is rarely that the British criminal stoops to the indecent and sexual pictures so much in vogue in France and Spain.

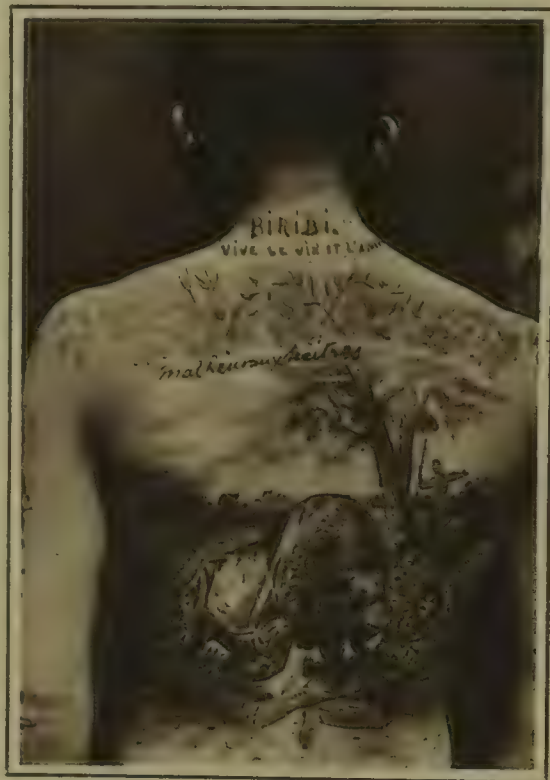
The Parisian apache or the *nervi* of Marseilles is always tattooed. His favourite themes are sentimental mottoes, insults and threats intended for the police, or pictures of women. He also loves to display a feigned indifference to punishment. There is the case of Dupret, who carried a dotted line on the back of the neck with the sardonic fanfaronade, "To sever the head, cut along this line." Then there are several instances of apaches with a guillotine on their backs and the words "Here's where I shall finish." Pictures of the penal settlements with convicts in the foreground and a phrase such as "I shall soon be one of them" are also great favourites.

The most extraordinary tattooing is to be found among the Foreign Legionaries and those who served their time in the African battalions. Nothing more grotesque than the designs which cover the entire bodies of such men can be imagined. Hunting scenes, Arab tortures, Spanish dancers, scenes of carnage, and indescribable outrages surround sentences redolent of whining sentimental self-pity. "Quick-tempered but good natured" was on the back of a callous murderer. A man who killed three of his comrades had "Born unlucky." Whether this referred

to himself or his victims is not certain. Another favoured "Defeated but not cowed." One fellow had the picture of a Foreign Legionary bound to the torture stake and above it "Souvenir d'Afrique." The best of all, on the chest of an apache who became an informer, was "Don't talk whatever happens." Spanish criminals are fond of bull-fights, matadors, or dancing women. The designs generally found on the *verbrecher*—the German apache—are either military or crudely obscene. Thus, when a criminal is arrested, his true nationality is at once apparent by the pictures on his body, and in most cases it is an excellent record of his past activities.

The question which naturally arises is, why the criminal is foolish enough to carry such a record indelibly marked on his skin? There are many reasons. Atavistic tendencies, no doubt, account for numerous cases. Then there is the spirit of emulation and the imitative instinct. He does not like to be less enterprising than his fellows. And the women who frequent criminals like a man to be tattooed. All this proves that Lombroso is right. Tattooing, in the criminal, is a sign of reversion to savagery. It is also a sign of mental degeneracy in those cases where it has become a species of mania. Most of the complex designs are the work of professional artists. There are many shops where tattooing is a speciality. Every great seaport has such places, because the art of decorating the skin is still greatly practised by sailors. In their case, it is merely a harmless and picturesque pastime, and the natural manifestation of the adventurous spirit which determined their choice of a profession. There is no finer fellow in the world than the British seaman, and his love of tattooing finds expression in designs which cannot be mistaken for those favoured by criminals. The ships, anchors, flags, or wonderful fishes are indications of his love of the sea and his loyalty and patriotism.

The professional tattooer generally uses one or several needles inserted in long handles. He first shaves the part to be tattooed, and then either traces the design on the skin or places a sheet of tissue-paper with the picture over it and pricks along the lines, taking care not to draw blood. The colouring matter, which is usually Indian ink, vermilion, or powdered charcoal mixed with water, is then rubbed into the traces left by the needle. The skin becomes inflamed and suppurates for a time. A scab then



THE "TATTOOED MEN'S" LEADER, WHO KILLED TWO OF THEM AND STRIPPED FROM THEIR BACKS THE TATTOOED CYPHER DIRECTIONS FOR FINDING BURIED MONEY: HIS OWN BACK TATTOOED WITH A SCENE OF A BULL GORING A MAN.

forms over the design, which comes away after a week or a fortnight, leaving the tattooing clearly visible, but much enlarged. It does not contract to its definite shape until later.

[Continued on page 282.]



WITH A CYPHER MESSAGE ON HIS BACK LOCATING BURIED MONEY STOLEN FROM A MURDERED ARAB SHEIKH: ONE OF THE TATTOOED MEN KILLED BY THEIR LEADER, WHO STRIPPED OFF THE TATTOOED DIRECTIONS.

intimidate their enemies. Tattoo marks, cuts, and scarification are also much used to indicate the tribe or totem to which a man or woman belongs; and the Arabs mark a married woman on the forehead or between the eyebrows. In the same manner, members of secret societies are branded or tattooed. The sign of the Mafia is a tiny seven-pointed star between the right thumb and index finger. The Camorra used a dot in a crescent, and the notorious Black Hand the letters M.N. (Mano Nera).

In the world of crime the designs are incredibly fantastic, but they vary with the nationality of the malefactor. The police laboratories know this well,

SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION :



"THE PARISIAN APACHE LOVES TO DISPLAY A FEIGNED INDIFFERENCE TO PUNISHMENT": A GUILLOTINE WITH THE WORDS "MY LAST WALK!"



"THE BEST OF ALL, ON THE CHEST OF AN APACHE WHO BECAME AN INFORMER, WAS 'DON'T TALK WHATEVER HAPPENS.'"

TATTOO MARKS THAT INDICATE NATIONALITY.



AN APACHE FROM THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, FOR HE HAS MIREILLE (HEROINE OF MISTRAL'S POEM) TATTOOED ON HIS BACK: ARTISTIC SPECIMENS.



"WHEN A CRIMINAL IS ARRESTED, HIS TRUE NATIONALITY IS APPARENT BY THE PICTURES ON HIS BODY": ITALIAN TATTOOING.



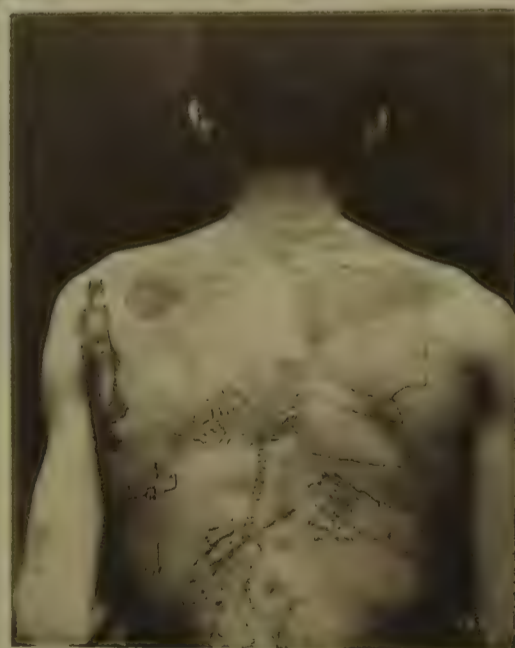
"SPANISH CRIMINALS ARE FOND OF BULL-FIGHTS, MATADORS, OR DANCING WOMEN": A SPANIARD'S BACK WITH TATTOO MARKS.



A DIFFERENT SPECIMEN OF THE STYLE OF TATTOOING AS PRACTISED IN SPAIN: DESIGNS ON CHEST AND ARMS, IN WHICH HEADS OF WOMEN PREDOMINATE.



AN EYE ON THE NECK INSCRIBED "KEEP YOUR EYE OPENED" AND (BELOW) "HE WHO HAS NOT SUFFERED CANNOT APPRECIATE HAPPINESS."



"THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY TATTOOING IS TO BE FOUND AMONG THE FOREIGN LEGIONARIES": A CRUCIFIXION AND A LION-SHOOTING SCENE.



INSCRIBED WITH WORDS EQUIVALENT TO "BORN UNLUCKY": THE TATTOOED BACK OF A FOREIGN LEGIONARY WHO KILLED THREE COMRADES.

Tattooing, as Mr. Ashton-Wolfe points out in his article opposite, is almost universal among criminals, although such evidence of identity is obviously to their disadvantage. "In the world of crime," he writes, "the designs are incredibly fantastic, but they vary with the nationality of the malefactor. The police laboratories know this well, and have classified thousands of photographs. It is thus possible to determine the country to which the man belongs, and even his speciality. Confidence tricksters, who rank as the *élite* among criminals, favour the more artistic compositions, and are rarely tattooed on the arms. . . . Burglars and footpads (because they nearly always began life as locksmiths, mechanics, and

carpenters) often carry the tools of their erstwhile profession tattooed on the forearm. . . . The Parisian apache or the *nervi* of Marseilles is always tattooed. His favourite themes are sentimental mottoes, insults and threats intended for the police, or pictures of women. He also loves to display a feigned indifference to punishment. The most extraordinary tattooing is found among the Foreign Legionaries and those who served in African battalions." Mr. Ashton-Wolfe gives many other interesting examples, discusses the motives of tattooing, describes the process by which it is done, with methods tried for effacing the marks, and recalls several murder cases in which tattoo designs were involved.

"A DREAM VISION IN STONE": WONDERFUL SCULPTURES ON A HINDU TEMPLE UNEARTHED FROM RIVER-MUD.

"A UNIQUE JEWEL AMONG THE MASTER CREATIONS OF THE HINDU ARCHITECT": THE TEMPLE OF SIVA AT KIDRAPORE, KOLHAPUR, WHERE HIDDEN SCULPTURES OF BOMBAY BEAUTY HAVE RECENTLY BEEN DISCOVERED.



PART OF THE SIVA TEMPLE AT KIDRAPORE, KOLHAPUR, AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH: A VIEW SHOWING THE RICHNESS AND BEAUTY OF THE SCULPTURE FROM THE BASE TO THE TOP—THE ELEPHANT FIGURES MOSTLY MUTILATED.



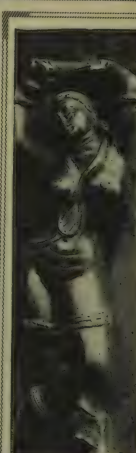
THE HINDU GODDESS OF LEARNING, SARASWATI, ONE OF THE STATUES ON THE TEMPLE OF SIVA AT KIDRAPORE, KOLHAPUR.



A TEMPTATION DANCE BY SURPANAKHA (ON RIGHT) TO WEAN AWAY THE AFFECTIONS OF RAMA FROM HIS LEGITIMATE SPOUSE, SITA.



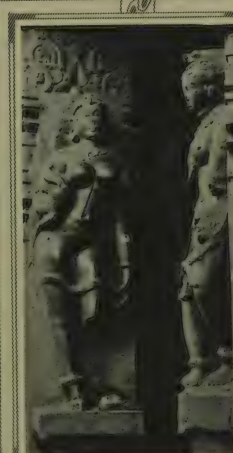
A HINDU DANCER OF EARLY TIMES WITH TYPICAL ATTIRE AND ORNAMENTS AND "MANICURED" FINGER-NAILS.



WHERE MOST OF THE "THE FEMALE FORM TYPES OF



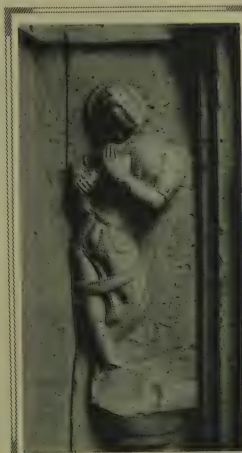
SCULPTURES REPRESENT DIVINE": EXUBERANT HINDU BEAUTY.



CLAD IN CLOSE-FITTING AND DIAPHANOUS GARMENTS, WHOSE EDGES ARE INDICATED: TYPICAL FIGURES ON THE TEMPLE WALLS.



THE MANY-ARMED GODDESS DURGA, WIFE OF SIVA, SLAYING THE BUFFALO DEMON, WHICH A LION ATTACKS FROM BEHIND.



A FIGURE SAID TO REPRESENT A WOMAN PLAYING THE FLUTE IN IMITATION OF KRISHNA: ONE OF THE TEMPLE SCULPTURES.

The beautiful Temple of Siva at Kidrapore, in Kolhapur, a Native State of the Bombay Presidency, has lately yielded up new treasures. On the base of the building, covered by silt-mud, hidden sculptures have been discovered by Dr. K. N. Sitaram, M.A., Ph.D., a noted authority on the subject. Describing the temple (in the "Times of India Illustrated Weekly") he says: "Built by the Chalukyas and embellished by the Yadhavas, this unique jewel among the master creations of the Hindu architect is a dream vision in stone. Supported by a hundred elephants in the middle, and by four of the sacred vehicles of Siva (Nandi, or the Bull) in the four cardinal directions, the lower part now lies buried under twelve feet of Krishna mud. From the base begin the innumerable geometrical patterns known to the ancient Indian, in tier after tier. Then succeeds a wonderful scroll-work pattern, losing its way through the sides of the

shrine, in the convoluted middles of which are the denizens of the Hindu Swarg—some garlanded, others with divine presents, while a third group discourse heavenly music from earthly instruments. From this the eye travels to the frieze of elephants, exactly one hundred in number. At this stage begins the principal sculpture, whose dominant note is its essential humanity. In niches, jambs, corners, on the backs of animals, at their feet—everywhere crowd human figures in ecstasy of the sheer joy of life. (They) exhibit all the poses and gestures of rhythm in graceful womankind. Some are clad in the finest creations of the Indian loom, while others are clothed with muslins so fine in texture that the faintest contours are displayed. After a few more rows the eye is arrested by the central flow of sculptures . . . gods and goddesses of the Hindu Pantheon, heroes and heroines of the immortal epics, such as the 'Ramayana.'"

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

WORMS!

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

HOW few are they who have a good word to say for worms! In literature they serve only as a symbol of what is repellent or contemptible. Anglers have no kindly feelings for them, though as lures for fish they set great store by them. Gardeners who pride themselves on prim lawns, also the man who has the care of putting greens, anathematise them, and are at great pains to devise diabolical liquids which shall encompass their destruction. Darwin was the first to draw attention to our indebtedness to worms as improvers of the soil; but few indeed are they who have realised that the despised worm is a creature worthy of our admiration and study.

This attitude is due to the fact that worms are of a retiring disposition; so that only the "early bird" and evilly disposed persons who deliberately seek them have any knowledge of their habits. The human worm-hunter will tell you that there are several kinds of land-worms; and there are lug-worms, which can be dug up out of the sand by the seashore when needed for bait. But further than this he knows nothing, and cares less. Now it must be admitted that the earth-worm and the lug-worm are not creatures of prepossessing appearance when no more than casually contemplated; but the moment we begin to inquire into their life-history, and their place in the animal world, we discover that these creatures of apparently so little worth are members of a vast assemblage of animals presenting an infinite variety of form, and possessing not seldom a rare beauty.

I can here do no more than confine my comments to certain small members of one very small section of this great assemblage—that which contains marine

It will be helpful, before I pass to the animals of which I wish more especially to speak, to take a general survey of the essential characters of a worm. These can well be seen in the common earth-worm of our gardens, wherein the body is made up of a series of rings, or segments, all exactly alike, save for a broad, thickened ring, the "clitellum," at some distance from the head. From the under-surface of this band the eggs and sperm cells are extruded. Open a dead worm, and you will find the body cut up into a series of compartments by delicate partitions, corresponding in number to the external rings. And these partitions, or septa, are traversed from one end to the other by the food-canal and two great blood-vessels; while along the ventral surface runs the nerve-cord, instead of along the back, as in the vertebrates. In each of these little compartments you will find a pair of delicate coiled tubes, the "nephridia," or kidney tubules, whose function it is to expel waste products from the body by the aid of waving threads, or cilia, which can be seen at work within the tube when cut from the body and placed under the microscope.

FIG. 1. CARRYING HER EGGS IN A POUCH: THE FEMALE OF *AUTOLYTUS PICTUS*, A MARINE WORM. The female of *Autolytus pictus* differs profoundly in form from the male. The eggs, within the body, are protected by a shield of thickened skin. She is also much less striking in the matter of coloration, and in the development of the long tentacles or "cirri."

commonly associated with a series of broad membranous fans, serving as swimming organs and partly as lungs. Many, besides, have extremely long and delicate thread-like fringes which also serve as gills, as in *Amblyosyllis* (Fig. 3). Many are exquisitely coloured, while in the matter of length they range from less than an inch to as much as two feet. In form they vary greatly. Some, like the familiar "sea-mouse," show no segmentation of the body, externally; some are burrowers; some, like the beautiful *Serpula*, form chalky tubes, from which the head, bearing a supremely beautiful coronet of delicate gills, is thrust, as in Fig. 4. Its near relative, *Sabella*, builds flexible tubes.

The methods of reproduction of these creatures are especially worthy of note. In some the sexes are separate; others are hermaphrodite. In some the eggs are shed at once, when ripe, into the water, giving rise to minute larvæ not in the least like their parents; while in others, as in *Autolytus*, shown in Fig. 1, the eggs are carried for a time in a pouch by the mother. But more remarkable still is the "a-sexual" method of reproduction, wherein the adult forms what is known as a "nurse-stock," as in this case of *Autolytus* (Fig. 2). Here, the hinder end of the body develops a "bud," which gradually grows into a new individual, and finally, developing a head, breaks off from the parent body and swims away, a new individual. As many as sixteen such individuals may be found forming a continuous chain at the end of a parent body. A given stock will only produce buds, or "zooids," of one sex. That is to say, one sexless individual will give rise only to male, another to female "zooids." And the individuals of the two sexes differ so greatly from one another as to have misled the earlier naturalists, who placed them in different genera.

Budding of this kind occurs in the rare *Syllis ramosa*, but with a difference so striking as to make this one of the most interesting forms of "fission," or budding, known in the animal kingdom. This creature was first discovered during the great *Challenger* Expedition, when it was found inhabiting a sponge—its usual habitat. It consists of a main stem that gives rise to a number of branches, which again branch, giving rise to a complicated series of ramifications like an irregular interlacing network. Some of these branches develop a head and become

sexual individuals, ultimately breaking away from the parent stock to produce ova and/or sperms, as the case may be.

The sponge, by the way, which serves as host to this strange body is *Crateromorpha meyeri*, and lives at depths ranging from 95 to 140 fathoms. Needless to say, specimens are to be found only in some of our larger museums. Some of these worms display a curious facility for reproducing lost parts. Thus, if the hinder segments of the body be cut off, the individual develops a new tail, the severed tail a new head. By way of experiment, a worm was cut into three portions. The front part developed a new tail, the hindmost a new head, and the middle portion both head and tail. After even this extremely cursory survey, who will say that worms are creatures of no interest?



FIG. 2. A REMARKABLE "A-SEXUAL" METHOD OF REPRODUCTION BY "BUDS" AT THE HINDER END THAT BREAK OFF AS SEPARATE INDIVIDUALS: THE "NURSE-STOCK"—A SEXLESS FORM OF *AUTOLYTUS*.

The "Nurse-stock," or "a-sexual" individual, of *Autolytus*, like the separate sexes, has a wide distribution round our coasts, and is to be found concealed under stones. It presents a strikingly different appearance from the male form, which has much longer bristles down the sides, and very large red eyes.



FIG. 3. A GRACEFUL MARINE WORM, WITH LONG, DELICATE, THREAD-LIKE FRINGES SERVING AS GILLS: *AMBLYOSYLLIS LINEATA* (GREATLY MAGNIFIED).

Amblyosyllis lineata is to be found under stones at low-water mark. This specimen, here shown greatly enlarged, was taken in from Lochmaddy, North Uist. Specimens have also been taken at Herm and off Plymouth, where it has been found in considerable numbers in sponges.

worms such as may be found during the holiday rock-pool hunting. Before I touch upon these, however, let me remark that the true worms include the earth-worms of many species—ranging from one inch to several feet in length—the marine worms, and the leeches. The parasitic tape-worms, those strange creeping things, so common in our ponds, known as "planarians," thread-worms and arrow-worms, the beautiful microscopic rotifers, and some others known only to the specialist, have also been regarded as worms, though they are now, on account of the details of their structure, considered as allies derived from a different branch of the Tree of Descent.



FIG. 4. WITH A BEAUTIFUL CORONET OF DELICATE GILLS ON THE HEAD, PROTRUDED FROM A CHALKY TUBE WHEN SUBMERGED: THE EXQUISITE MARINE WORM, *SERPULA*.

The beautiful *Serpula* may be found within its stony tubes, attached to boulders, at low tide. But finer specimens are obtained by dredging in deeper water. Only when submerged is the superbly beautiful scarlet crown of tentacles to be seen surmounting the mouth of the tube. At low water this is closed by a stopper.

HOW IT FEELS TO FLY UPSIDE DOWN: A PASSENGER'S SENSATIONS.

FROM THE DRAWING BY THEO MATEJKO. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"THE BELT PRESSES ENORMOUSLY: WILL IT HOLD?" A PASSENGER IN AN AEROPLANE FLYING UPSIDE DOWN.

A German passenger in an aeroplane has given the following vivid description of his sensations while the machine flew upside down. "The aeroplane is turning on its back—the wings are at right angles to the ground. I am forced into the left corner—my feet are against the left wall. I look in tense emotion at the wing projecting upward—it inclines more—and more—the pressure on my left arm becomes less and less. My feet grow heavy and tend to come down. Between the seat and myself an air-gap appears, and the belts on my shoulders press heavily. A slight numbness sets in,

which at once passes away. We are now flying upside down. Apart from the enormous pressure on the shoulders (the entire weight of the body), I observe nothing unusual. After a while, I get used to the position and do not notice that I am hanging head downwards. . . . The belt presses enormously. Will it hold? If it were now to tear! Or if the lock were to break, I should smash down. Quite suddenly the pressure shifts to the right. I slowly come into contact with the seat cushion—again a slight numbness. Now we are in the normal position."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

PERSONALITY IN FARCE.—AN EXHIBITION OF STAGE DESIGNS AND COSTUMES.

THE successful *farceur* relies both on his humorous eye for a character and his fertile invention in providing situations to display it. We do not demand any probabilities other than those arising out of the

spirited sallies, her delicious accent, and the tantalising suddenness of her moods simply fascinate us. Whatever criticisms we may bring to the play, there can only be praise for her performance. It is an art which cannot be catalogued, because all she says or does delights us through her buoyant personality. She does not hesitate, like the author, and when he plunges her into incredible morasses her swift, mercurial spirit refuses to be prisoned there. Some of the lines are coarse-grained and ill-mannered, and the second act borders on tediousness when it grows serious; but Miss Arnaud has only to strike the harpsichord, or bridle into a temper, or become archly coquettish, and all is well.

Personality so radiant as that of these brilliant *comédiennes* conquers every handicap, and, while justice must be done to the dramatists who conceived the parts, they would be the first to admit that the gaiety of the entertainment is more than half due to the players. Both pieces are admirably cast and played, but Miss Marie Tempest in "Passing Brompton Road" and Miss Yvonne Arnaud in "Mischief" sparkle against the background so brightly that we realise that the virtues of the evening—the fun which even made us forget the temperature—lie outside the farce itself and within their magnetic personalities.

I wonder how many people outside the definite World of the Theatre, but whose interest in the English stage is both keen and intelligent, have yet discovered the permanent exhibition of models and designs for theatre settings and costumes in

a Christmas play given by the Underground Electric Railways. For, high on his accustomed perch, the now missing Eros poises in arrested flight. There is, too, a model of Covent Garden Theatre (*circa* 1830), with scenery and models designed by members of the Grieve family for the great scene of Cardinal Wolsey's Banquet in "Henry VIII."; and B. Pollock's "Juvenile Theatre," showing the whole proscenium, footlights, orchestra, and boxes, where, on the stage, the two-dimensioned trumpeters blow for ever silently into the silence of their Silver Palace. Also among the models is Gordon Craig's familiar "Hamlet"—the three great pillars on an empty stage clear-cut against their background of blue light. A design of some topical interest is Henry Telbin's "Diorama of a Tour of the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII.) in the Holy Land." What a contrast to the kinematographic representation of the activities of our present adored Heir to the Throne!

Space forbids me to do more than urge my readers to visit this uniquely fascinating exhibition. The delightful costume designs of Randolph Schwabe alone would repay the time spent. There is something irresistible about his Tudor nobleman in green and old-gold raiment, and the lady of the same period arrayed in magenta, gold, and blue, for the dream-scene of Pinero's "Enchanted Cottage"; and, among the later additions, is the work of Mr. Edmund Dulac, Mr. Paul Nash, Mr. Aubrey Hammond; while, for those who want to know what the younger generation of stage-designers are after, Miss Spencer Curling, Mr. D. V. Dring, Miss Elspeth Little, Miss Philippa Gee, all have something to say that is both interesting and provocative. Nor must I forget Mr. Sidney H. Sime's series of designs for the costumes of characters in Ibsen's "Pretenders."

As *The Illustrated London News* is read all over the world, and will doubtless get into the hands of the many foreign friends of the theatre who are visiting these shores, I would call their special attention to these exhibits at the Victoria and Albert Museum, which testify that scenic art in England is gradually moving in the vanguard of development. Such artists as Albert Rutherston, Edmund Dulac, Aubrey Hammond, and of course, first and foremost, Gordon



"MISCHIEF," AT THE FORTUNE THEATRE: JULIE BINGHAM (YVONNE ARNAUD) PLAYS AS SHE TALKS TO HER HUSBAND (ALLAN JEAYES), AND TAKES IT OUT OF THE INSTRUMENT WHEN SHE IS ANGRY OR ANNOYED!

subject, and dialogue can be full of silliness so long as it is free from stupidities. The real sin of farce is tediousness, and the pitfall is sentiment. The character must be all of a piece, and if, at the outset, we are roused to laugh at the heroine—if one may use the word in a farce—we must not suddenly be asked to weep with her. Two recent farces, both cleverly written, have almost jeopardised themselves here, and only the genius of the actress has been able to overcome the fault of the playwright. In "Passing Brompton Road" Mr. Jevan Brandon-Thomas vividly created Mrs. Sloane, and Miss Marie Tempest made her so deliciously silly that there was nothing else to do but to give way to hearty laughter. But the author had to thank the actress for achieving what he had failed to do, for she averted the reaction which he himself invited by his incredible change of character. To make Dulittia Sloane anything but a joke, to attempt to take her seriously, was to falter, and destroy the whole virtue of the entertainment. Yet this is precisely what Mr. Brandon-Thomas does more than once; but so bewitching, so adorably silly, so finely and beautifully boobyish is her performance that Miss Tempest carries all before her. It is not the play but the player who fills the entertainment, and the farce rides to success on her brilliant personality. Imagine any other actress in the part, and you have the answer.

Precisely the same weakness and the same strength account for the success of "Mischief," except that Mr. Ben Travers is more flagrant in his changes of characters. I confess that I cannot understand how so successful a *farceur* could so endanger its fun by cloying its wings with sticky sentiment. His Julie Bingham needed nothing more than her mettlesome nature, and it could only be a failing inventiveness that sent her into the realm of melodrama. The repeated trick of sudden temper, highly entertaining while it held the merit of surprise, showed poverty when it proved to be the only method of hitting laughter. Here again the actress saves the situation. The performance of Miss Yvonne Arnaud simply defies analysis, for her high spirits, her charm, her

the Department of Engraving, Illustration, and Design at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Wandering round the cool spaciousness of the great rooms on an oppressive afternoon during the recent heat-wave, I was delighted to come once more upon this interesting collection, which has lately been enriched by the addition of the drawings that were previously on view at the Alpine Club Gallery.

Among the old friends of the original exhibit is Victor Hambrow's model of Lovat Fraser's now famous design for the "Tavern near Newgate" scene in "The Beggar's Opera." Technically, of course, its chief interest lies in the fact that the scenic arrangement for the whole production consisted of but one permanent front scene, only the space behind the three arches—now so familiar to most Londoners—being subject to alteration. Another of the Hammersmith Lyric productions—"The Duenna"—is also represented by a Hambrow model; and Mrs. Gabrielle Enthoven's collection of theatrical prints and play-bills contains a programme of the same play as staged at Covent Garden in 1813. Drury Lane figures with Henry Emden's model of the submarine "City of Coral" from the pantomime of 1903, a colourful indication of the strange architecture of arches and pagoda-like towers built up of living creatures. A special sentimental interest attaches to Albert Rutherston's toy theatre, on the stage of which is Piccadilly Circus in miniature, a set for "The London Review,"



"BLUE EYES," WHICH HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO DALY'S THEATRE: EVELYN LAYE AS GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY AS ANNE BOLEYN, AND MARK LESTER AS HENRY PILBEAM AS HENRY VIII., IN THE "HENRY VIII." SCENE.

Craig, can vie with the new school that is springing up and sprouting, especially in Germany, under the restless captaincy of Reinhardt and his followers.

Queen Shub-ad's 5000-Year-Old Golden Head-Dress: an Ur Treasure.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY MUSEUM TO MESOPOTAMIA.



AS WORN BY A QUEEN IN ABRAHAM'S CITY 5000 YEARS AGO: A GOLD HEAD-DRESS FROM UR OF THE CHALDEES,
ON A HEAD MODELLED FROM A SUMERIAN WOMAN'S SKULL.

We now reproduce in its actual colours Queen Shub-ad's wonderful head-dress of gold and beads, discovered recently at Ur, already illustrated in black and white in our issue of June 30. Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, the discoverer, writes: "It was found on the queen's skull inside the stone-built tomb chamber. Though crushed by stones and earth, every one of its component parts kept its position in the soil, and their order could be noted with such accuracy that a reconstruction was comparatively simple. The gold ribbon, the basis of the whole, retained its oval form, and, for purposes of removal from the soil, the different strands were

fixed by strips of glued paper twisted between them. This gave the outline of the wig. A new wig was made, of these measurements, and dressed in the style illustrated by early Sumerian sculpture, and, when the ribbon was laid over this and the bands which held it were undone, the strands fell naturally into position. The head has been modelled by Mrs. Woolley, over the cast of a nearly contemporary female Sumerian skull, the features being added in wax over the bony structure. Thus was produced a face which, while in no sense a portrait of Queen Shub-ad, must approximate closely to the physical type of the period."

Flags of the Dominions: Various Uses of the Union Jack.



SOUTH AFRICA. THE NEW FLAG, BEARING IN THE CENTRE (L. TO R.) THE UNION JACK, THE OLD ORANGE FREE STATE FLAG (VERTICAL), AND THE OLD TRANSVAAL *VIERKLEUR*.



THE IRISH FREE STATE: THE TRICOLOUR FLAG WHICH IS AUTHORISED TO BE FLOWN ON ALL GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS BELONGING TO THAT DOMINION.



CANADA: THE CANADIAN RED ENSIGN (MERCHANT MARINE) FLOWN ON CANADIAN REGISTERED VESSELS AND ALSO ON CANADIAN GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS OUTSIDE CANADA.



AUSTRALIA: THE ENSIGN OF THE COMMONWEALTH—ITS REPRESENTATIVE FLAG—WITH THE SOUTHERN CROSS FORMED OF FIVE SEVEN-POINTED WHITE STARS.



NEW ZEALAND: THE ENSIGN OF THE DOMINION, HAVING ON THE FLY THE SOUTHERN CROSS REPRESENTED BY FOUR FIVE-POINTED RED STARS WITH WHITE BORDERS.



NEWFOUNDLAND: THE ENSIGN OF THE DOMINION, BEARING THE SEAL OF NEWFOUNDLAND—BRITANNIA ACCEPTING FROM MERCURY THE GIFTS OF THE SEA.

Now that the South African flag question has been settled, it is interesting to compare the new flag (flown for the first time on Union Day, May 31) with those of the other Dominions. The Act passed by the South African Parliament states: "The flags of the Union shall be (a) the Union Jack, to denote the association of the Union with the other members of the group of nations constituting the British Commonwealth of Nations; and (b) the National Flag (illustrated above). The Union Jack shall be flown with the National Flag from the Houses of Parliament and from the principal Government buildings, . . . at the Union ports, on Government offices abroad, and at such other places in the Union as the Government may determine.—The Irish Free State, whose flag does not, like the others, contain the Union Jack, "is (to quote "The Statesman's Year Book") a coequal member of the community of Nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations." In the same work we read: "The term 'Dominion' is used officially as a convenient abbreviation of the complete designation 'self-governing Dominion.' The Dominions are Australia, Canada, Irish Free State, Newfoundland, New

Zealand, and South Africa."—The Canadian national flag is the Union Jack. An Order in Council authorised the use of the Red Ensign on Canadian Government buildings outside Canada, but the Union Jack is still flown on Government buildings within the Dominion. The shield on the Canadian Red Ensign (Merchant Marine) bears "the Royal Arms, differenced by what were once the Arms of France in the fourth quarter; and on the lower third, silver or white, a green three-leaved sprig of maple, the emblem of Canada."—The ensign of the Commonwealth of Australia has a large seven-pointed white star under the Union Jack, and the Southern Cross formed of five seven-pointed white stars.—The New Zealand Ensign Act of 1901 states: "The New Zealand ensign shall be the blue ensign of the Royal Naval Reserve, having on the fly thereof the Southern Cross as represented by four five-pointed red stars with white borders."—The Ensign of Newfoundland bears on the fly the seal, or badge, of the Dominion, representing Britannia accepting from Mercury the gifts of the sea. Above are the words "Terra Nova"; and underneath, "Hæc tibi dona fero" ("These gifts I bring thee").

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

MISS JOAN RYDER.
Engaged to the Bishop of Norwich. Daughter of the Rev. Algernon Dudley Ryder, Rector of Maresfield, Sussex. Has been assisting her future husband in a secretarial capacity.



THE BISHOP OF NORWICH.

(The Rt. Rev. Dr. Bertram Pollock.) Engaged to Miss Joan Ryder. Is in his sixty-fifth year. Miss Ryder is thirty-one. Made a K.C.V.O. in 1921. Bishop of Norwich since 1910.



SIR WILLIAM TYRRELL—AND HIS DAUGHTER.

New British Ambassador in Paris. Became Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office in 1925; formerly Private Secretary to Sir Edward Grey. Has just presented his credentials.

MR. J. B. MATTHEWS, K.C.

Found shot dead in the gun-room of his shooting-box at Rhydd. Recorder of Dudley. Admitted a solicitor in 1884, and was called to the Bar in 1896.



THE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.
(Dr. Eden.) Retiring from the See, which he has held for nearly thirty-one years. Previously, Suffragan Bishop of Dover. Nearly seventy-five years of age.



EL OUAFI, WINNER OF THE MARATHON RACE AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

El Ouafi, the French colonial, won the Marathon in 2 hours 32 minutes 57 seconds. The course was 26 miles 385 yards long. He is a turner, and is twenty-seven.



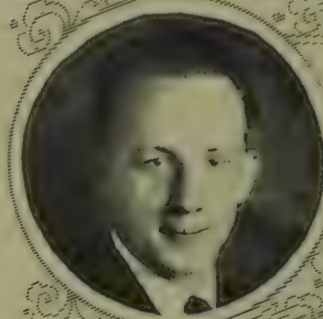
LADY DORIS VYNER.

To be the King's hostess at Studley Royal when his Majesty goes shooting after Cowes. Wife of Commander Clare Vyner. A great friend of the Duchess of York. Daughter of the late Duke of Richmond and Gordon.



MISS E. CATERWOOD, WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S HIGH JUMP AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

Miss Caterwood (Canada) jumped 5 ft. 2 3/4 in.—and broke the world's record. She has been called the prettiest girl competing at the Olympic Games.



LT. E. L. D. MOORE, R.N.

Killed on Aug. 3 when he crashed while flying. Attached to the aircraft-carrier "Furious." A member of the London Aeroplane Club.



THE RT. REV. F. S. GUY WARMAN.

New Bishop of Manchester. Leaves the See of Chelmsford, to which he was appointed in 1923. A leader of the Evangelical Party. Born in 1872.

MR. S. S. SHERMAN.
Accidentally drowned in the Cherwell on Aug. 1. Secretary of the League of Nations Union Summer School. Secretary to the Education Committee, League of Nations Union.



MR. G. WOODS WOLLASTON.

New Norroy King of Arms. Succeeds Mr. A. W. S. Cochrane, the new Clarenceux King of Arms.



CAPT. F. T. COURTNEY.
Came down on sea, with his engine-room on fire, while flying from the Azores towards Newfoundland. Rescued with his three companions, by the "Minnewaska."



MRS. TEMPLE.

Wife of the new Archbishop of York. Was Miss Frances Gertrude Acland Anson, daughter of the late Mr. F. H. Anson, of St. George's Square.

MR. AMEER ALI.
Died on Aug. 3 at the age of seventy-nine. Famous as a Moslem leader and interpreter, and as the first Indian member of the Privy Council and its Judicial Committee.



THE GREAT BATTLEFIELDS PILGRIMAGE: SCENES IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS.



THE FIRST KINDLING OF THE FLAME ON THE FRENCH UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S TOMB BY ANYONE NOT A FRENCHMAN: COLONEL CROSFIELD, OF THE BRITISH LEGION, PERFORMING THE CEREMONY.



A SCOTTISH PIPER PLAYING "THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST" AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IN PARIS: THE SCENE AFTER THE KINDLING OF THE FLAME BY COLONEL CROSFIELD.



AT THE MENIN GATE, YPRES, A DAY OR TWO BEFORE THE CEREMONY ATTENDED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: A BRITISH MEMORIAL SERVICE.



MAJOR J. B. BRUNEL COHEN (THE LEGLESS M.P. IN HIS INVALID CHAIR) LAYING A WREATH OF POPPIES ON THE TOMB OF THE BELGIAN UNKNOWN SOLDIER IN BRUSSELS.



THE ARCH OF WELCOME AT VIMY RIDGE: A SCENE DURING THE RECEPTION OF BRITISH LEGION PILGRIMS BY THE FRENCH CIVIC AUTHORITIES.

During the great pilgrimage to the battlefields organised by the British Legion and the British Empire Service League, and culminating in the ceremony at the Menin Gate, Ypres, on August 8, attended by the Prince of Wales, visits were paid to various cities and towns, and to places associated with British valour on the Western front. By August 5 some 11,000 pilgrims, of whom nearly half were women, had been billeted in a score of towns in France and Belgium. In Paris on August 4 the Flame of Remembrance on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe was kindled by Colonel G. R. Crosfield, Chairman of the British Legion. After the ceremony Piper Newman marched round the

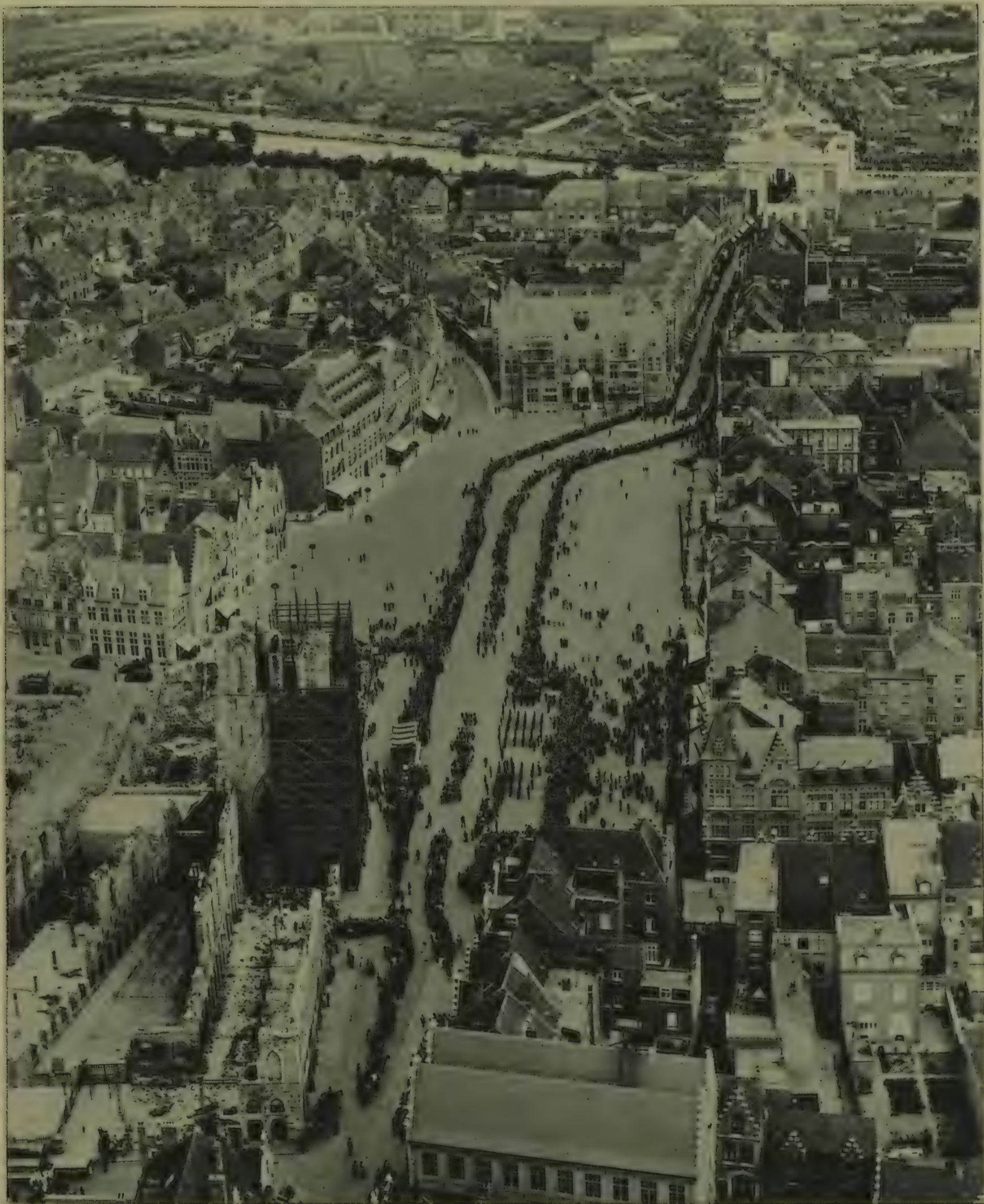


A VISIT TO THE LABYRINTH OF TUNNELS AND DUG-OUTS PRESERVED BY THE CANADIANS AT VIMY RIDGE: BRITISH LEGION PILGRIMS EMERGING FROM THE GRANGE SUBWAY.

Arch playing "The Flowers of the Forest." On the same day another delegation of the British Legion visited Brussels, and Major Cohen, M.P., Hon. Treasurer of the Legion, who lost his legs in the war, laid a magnificent wreath of poppies on the Tomb of the Belgian Unknown Soldier. On August 6 two parties of British pilgrims, each numbering about 5000, visited the battlefields in the neighbourhood of Vimy and the Valley of the Ancre. At Vimy Ridge there was a ceremony of welcome by the French civic authorities. Some of the pilgrims explored part of the great system of tunnels, extending many miles, by which troops were brought up for the historic attack in April 1917.

THE PILGRIMAGE: THE HISTORIC SCENE IN YPRES ON AUGUST 8.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL PRESS, SPECIALLY FLOWN TO LONDON BY IMPERIAL AIRWAYS.



HONOURING "THE ELDER BRETHREN": THE GREAT MARCH-PAST BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES—THE PROCESSION MOVING AWAY FROM THE MENIN GATE AFTER THE SERVICE.

After having joined the British Legion pilgrimage at Béthune, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Lord Jellicoe (President of the Legion), motored across the old battlefields, through La Bassée and Armentières, to Lille, where he laid a wreath on the War Memorial. On the following day (August 8) he attended the culminating ceremony of the great pilgrimage at Ypres, where the eleven thousand British men and women pilgrims concentrated for a moving act of homage to the dead—"the Elder Brethren"—at the Menin Gate. A solemn service of remembrance was conducted by the Chaplain-General, Dr. A. C. E. Jarvis, and an address was delivered by Dr. Lang, Archbishop of York and Archbishop-

designate of Canterbury. "When we remember (he said) the sacrifice of toil and treasure and precious blood, the question springs unbidden in the mind—Was it all worth while? Here at this gate let there be no faltering in the answer—Yes, a thousand times, yes! We pledged our honour to defend this tree and friendly land, and we kept our pledge." The religious service was held on the opposite side of the Menin Gate to that shown in the photograph, which shows the subsequent march-past before the Prince of Wales. To the right of the scaffolded tower of the Cloth Hall is seen the striped dais under which he took the salute. Behind the Cloth Hall (to the left) is the rebuilt Hôtel de Ville.



CALM WATER
DURING THE
YACHT-RACING
AT COWES:
BIG YACHTS
ROUNDING THE
NORTH-EAST
MIDDLE BUOY,
SEEN FROM
ABOARD
MR. T. B. DAVIS'S
SCHOONER
"WESTWARD"
(SHOWN IN
FOREGROUND).



ROUGH WATER DURING THE YACHT-RACING AT COWES—A CONTRAST TO THE CONDITIONS SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE:
YACHTS RUNNING BEFORE A STIFF BREEZE.

COWES WEEK: THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE GREAT YACHTING FESTIVAL.



AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE KING'S FAMOUS RACING CUTTER: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "BRITANNIA," WITH HIS MAJESTY ON BOARD,
TAKING PART IN ONE OF THE YACHT RACES AT COWES.



SEA-GULLS HOVERING ROUND THE STERN OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT": A PICTURESQUE
PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ROYAL YACHT THAT BROUGHT THEIR MAJESTIES TO COWES.



THE KING ABOARD HIS FAMOUS RACING CUTTER "BRITANNIA"
AT COWES: A GROUP INCLUDING THE MARQUESS D'HAUTPOUL
AND SIR CHARLES CUST (WITH TELESCOPE).

Cowes Week, the great yacht-racing festival, opened this year in brilliant midsummer weather, and was once more favoured by the presence of the King and Queen. Their Majesties arrived at Cowes, from Portsmouth, in the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert," on August 3, and the King competed, in his famous racing cutter "Britannia," in various events for yachts of the largest class. On August 4 he took part in the Royal Southampton Yacht Club Regatta, and on the 6th in that of the Royal London Yacht Club. Among those on board the "Britannia" with his Majesty were the Marquise d'Hautpoul, Lord Jellicoe, Sir Charles Cust, and Major Hunloke. The principal event of the week, the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron, began on August 7. As noted

under the coloured picture of the "Victoria and Albert" at Cowes, given in our last number, a novel feature of the racing this year was the new King's Cup, a massive gold trophy presented by his Majesty for a handicap for yachts of 15 tons register belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron. The inscription on the trophy reads: "King's Cup, Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, 1928. Presented by King George V." The recent revival of yachting, which has lent special interest to the racing at Cowes this year, is largely due to the encouragement of the sport by his Majesty, who has sailed his "Britannia" in all the regattas round the coast. This year at Cowes no fewer than seven large yachts entered for the First-Class events.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY

PHOTOGRAPHY FROM HOME AND OVERSEAS.



A GREAT ALL-METAL AIRPLANE: 97 MEN STANDING ON THE WINGS OF THE DORNIER DO 18 IN ORDER TO TEST THEIR STRENGTH. The young aviator, when in flying condition, is being assembled at Travancore, on the India. It is 32 metres long and the wings have a span of approximately 37 metres. Three 500-h.p. Maybach motors will drive it. It has been built for a regular German Transatlantic service timed to begin in the autumn. There is room for twelve passengers.



KING AMANULLAH'S RETURN TO KABUL: HIS MAJESTY'S BODYGUARD (RECRUITED FROM HIS RELATIVES) ESCORTING THE ROYAL CAR IN THE CAPITAL. King Amanullah of Afghanistan and his Queen reached Kabul on July 1 after their long tour, and were welcomed by great crowds representing not only every nationality in the kingdom but even the remnants of the tribes. Further, the capital was duly decorated with flags and flowers and trophies, and, in this connection, it is interesting to note that, as one of our photograph.



AFTER THE PASSENGERS HAD ESCAPED, THANKS TO A MOTORIST'S WARNING: A MOTOR-COACH ABLAZE ON AN ARTERIAL ROAD. A motorist following a passenger-laden motor-coach travelling on the new arterial road from Southend-on-Sea on August 5 noticed that smoke and flames were coming from beneath the vehicle. Accompanying he caught up to the bus and, after warning the driver, who stopped his car. A moment or two after the passengers had escaped, flames shot up to some 20 ft.



HALF A SHIP LAUNCHED: THE NEW FORE-END FOR THE ROYAL MAIL MOTOR-VESSEL "LEUCHMANOR" IN THE WATER AT BELFAST ON AUGUST 2. The launch of this half-vessel took place at Queen's Island, Belfast, from the yards of Messrs. Harland and Wolff. It is to be joined to half the Motor-Vessel "Leuchmanor." This craft ran ashore on the Menor revivment towards the end of last year and received such damage that, in order to salvage her, about 120 ft. of her fore-end was removed. The joining of the new and old sections will take place at Belfast.



THE PRELIMINARY FUNERAL CEREMONIES FOR GENERAL CHANG TSO-LIN: PRIESTS AND MOURNERS IN ONE OF THE PROCESSIONS AT MUKDEN. It will be recalled that Chang Tso-lin, Generalissimo of the Chinese Northern Army, was killed when his train was bombed in June. The final ceremonies in connection with the burial began at Mukden on August 5 and lasted four days. The place of burial is the east leader's native village of Kuan-shan. The mystery of the bombing remains unsolved.



TAKING-OVER THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF "THE MEXICAN LUMBERJACK" FROM THE U.S. GUARD OF HONOUR: CAPTAIN CARRANZA'S REMAINS. It will be recalled that Captain Emilio Carranza was killed during an attempted non-stop flight from New York to Mexico City and back. His body was sent to Mexico under U.S. escort after 10,000 American troops had accompanied the coffin down Broadway. The ceremony of transference took place at the centre of the International Bridge at Laredo, Texas, where Mexican officers took-over the casket.



IN KABUL—ON THE DAY OF KING AMANULLAH'S RETURN: THE GREAT CROWD FOLLOWING THE ROYAL CAR DURING ITS PROGRESS THROUGH THE CAPITAL. This is a very interesting point, for it is an exceedingly short while since the orthodox Moslems as far broke the rules of his religion as to show pictures of any kind. The King, who wore his olive-green uniform, acknowledged the salute by standing up in his Rolls-Royce and bowing and saluting. The Queen, who had travelled, not for pleasure, but to make Afghanistan known to the world; and that many nations had reported their willingness to establish friendly relations with his country. He then embraced a soldier, an official, a student, and a civilian, as representing all grades.



BREAKING MOSLEM TRADITION BY INCLUDING PICTURES OF KING AMANULLAH AND THE HEIR TO THE THRONE: A DEGRADED SHOP. This is a very interesting point, for it is an exceedingly short while since the orthodox Moslems as far broke the rules of his religion as to show pictures of any kind. The King, who wore his olive-green uniform, acknowledged the salute by standing up in his Rolls-Royce and bowing and saluting. The Queen, who had travelled, not for pleasure, but to make Afghanistan known to the world; and that many nations had reported their willingness to establish friendly relations with his country. He then embraced a soldier, an official, a student, and a civilian, as representing all grades.



THE GREAT DENBY DALE PIE—16 FT. LONG, 5 FT. WIDE, AND 15 IN. DEEP: THE CUTTING OF THE PIE, WHICH WAS MADE IN AID OF A CARNIVAL.



THE MONSTER DENBY DALE PIE LEAVING THE OVEN: A PROCESS MADE POSSIBLE ONLY BY THE USE OF CROW-BARS AND JACKS AND TAKING SOME FORTY MINUTES. Denby Dale, in Yorkshire, has been famous since 1789 for great pies made to celebrate events. In 1815, for instance, one was baked in honour of the victory at Waterloo, and in 1846 another marked the repeal of the Corn Laws. This latter pie contained 100 lb. of beef, five sheep, and numerous pheasants, partridges, grouse, ducks, rabbits, hares, turkeys, geese, pigeons, common fowls, guinea fowls, and various small birds. The pie of August 4 last was made to assist the funds of the Huddersfield Royal Infirmary. The pie-dish, which had a capacity of 100 cubic feet, had to be got out of the special oven with the aid of crow-bars and jacks, so the rollers under the bakeshop had expanded under the heat and refused to work. In the pie was the beef of four bullocks and 15 cwt. of potatoes. The crust consisted of 40 stone of flour and 2 cwt. of lard. Dish and contents weighed about four tons. Some 20,000 portions were served, and the pie, which was made by local women, was voted excellent. The police provided a strong escort.



THE SAFETY OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: A MODEL OF THE DOME; SHOWING (AT THE BOTTOM) THE 450-FT. CHAIN OF STAINLESS STEEL. A stainless-steel chain, which has been manufactured at the Brown Bayley Steel Works, at Sheffield, is to encircle the drum of masonry which supports the dome of St. Paul's, in the manner shown in the photograph. To stop progressive spreading of the drum, the chain will be put in place. By means of wedges, a stress of about 1000 tons will be imposed on it.

"He is Right and All the World is Wrong."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"HEADING FOR THE ABYSS": REMINISCENCES BY PRINCE LICHNOWSKY.*

(PUBLISHED BY CONSTABLE.)

"It may seem a hard thing for a man to say, that he is right and all the world is wrong; but, if it be so, how can he help it?"

DANIEL DEFOE.

THUS might Prince Lichnowsky have headed his *Reminiscences*, a diary of disappointment and defence. The Ambassador was popular here. He is inordinately proud to recall: "Everywhere and in ever-growing measure, I met with the warmest sympathy, and I finally succeeded in achieving a marked improvement in the mood towards Germany. . . . Oxford conferred upon me the degree of D.C.L., *honoris causa*, a compliment paid to none of my colleagues, with the exception of

England is now fighting against us, as in former centuries she fought against Louis XIV. and Napoleon I., not in order to crush us, but to prevent one single nation getting the upper hand in Europe. For England's position as a World Power, with a population of only forty-six millions in the British Isles, is essentially dependent upon the continuance of the balance of power in Europe." "England would never have permitted a second Sedan."

Nor was England unwise. "The British Government (before the war) showed the greatest consideration for our interests and wishes. Sir Edward Grey intended to demonstrate his goodwill towards us, but he also wished

and had no really senile candidate in stock." They chose Lichnowsky.

In due time, it is evident, they wished they had forgotten his name! "One man wanted my post, another thought that I wanted his. Finally, too, they even came to believe in what they called the 'Localization of the conflict,' merely because I held an opposite view." "Merely because I held an opposite view." There is the obsession-extraordinary; and that is what weakens the defence in "Heading for the Abyss." The author is so patently a man with a grievance.

It must be understood, however, that this mental attitude does not lessen the claim the writer has to attention or the value of his work as what one can only dub—despite the very ancient, if not fish-like, smell of the term—a human document.

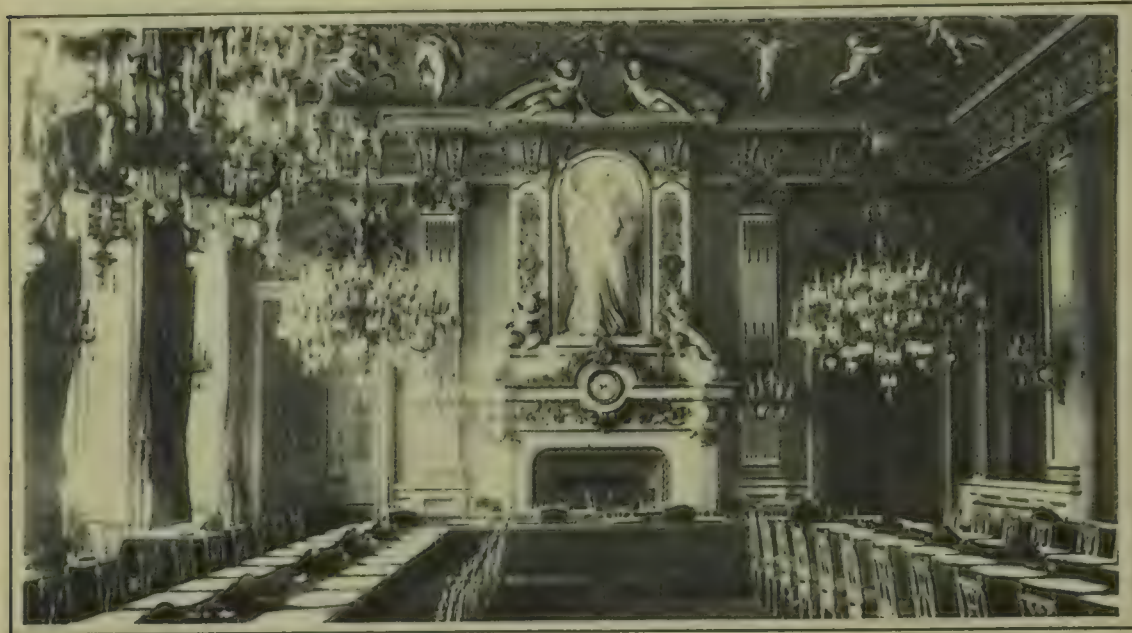
Nor must the *Reminiscences* be regarded as a mere recriminatory record of high politics, international jealousies, complaints, and compliments. They have their personal side—as the paragraphist recognises it. "M. Venizelos (at the Balkan Conference) was probably the most distinguished personality there. At that time he was anything rather than anti-German, and visited me several times; he was especially fond of wearing the ribbon of the Order of the Red Eagle—he even wore it at the French Embassy." "Even in the neutral territory of an embassy one did not venture to mingle the two parties, as since the Veto and Home Rule Bills the Unionists had ostracised the Radicals. When the King and Queen dined with us a few months after my arrival, Lord Londonderry left the house after dinner, as he did not wish to remain together with Sir Edward Grey." "I have just called on the Prime Minister (on August 2, 1914) and exhaustively discussed our point of view with him. Tears repeatedly stood in the eyes of the old gentleman, and he said to me 'A war between our two countries is quite unthinkable.'" And so on, and so on.

Germany, even Republican Germany, waxed very wrath with the Ambassador's "revelations": by now, when he has passed beyond the range of abusing tongues, she may agree with him that "it was mainly the fatal system of groups and alliances inaugurated by Bismarck that led to the World War, and that the Great Powers were thereby drawn into conflicts which were quite alien to their real interests." On the other hand, her attitude may be that of Charlotte in Thackeray's wicked reference to Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther"—

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter.

It remains for England to give her verdict. Without doubt, she will decide in favour of reading—and enjoy ing—Lichnowsky.

E. H. G.



WHERE THE KELLOGG PEACE PACT IS TO BE SIGNED BY THE GREAT POWERS: THE BEAUTIFUL SALLE DE L'HORLOGE IN THE FRENCH MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN PARIS.

It was stated a few days ago that the British Government had received an official invitation from the French Government to take part in the signature of the Treaty for renouncing war, on August 27 in Paris, and that the invitation had been communicated to the Dominion Governments.

M. Cambon, the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps; and, in every city and in all circles, I was received with the utmost courtesy and consideration. All this, I am told by wiseacres, was mere eye-wash, a part of the myriad-headed conspiracy to deceive and mislead Germany." Yet, the end was war. Why? Who willed the slipping of the dogs?

"We just blundered into the world war by mistake!" is the argument. "The living are ruled by the dead," says Nietzsche. The Descendants were at fault. "My contention is that the methods of the age of the Epigones were bound, sooner or later, to lead to the Great Catastrophe." The old Emperor knew, says the Prince: "He alone sees straight. He alone protests against the insane alliance with Austria that was ultimately to lead Germany to the abyss." Austria—she was the Ambassador's bogey, turnip-head and all! "Every time we consistently backed the wrong horse, whose breakdown could have been foreseen: Krueger, Abdul Aziz, Abdul Hamid, Wilhelm of Wied, ending—the most fatal of all mistakes—with the great plunge on the Barchinot stable." Bad diplomacy, in fact; Wilhelmstrasse myopia.

"How different it would have been had I held the reins" is, in effect, the tenor of Lichnowsky's *Auf dem Wege zum Abgrund*. Assuredly, August the fourth would not have had its present significance. The *revanche* idea would have died out in France; England would have been a social and commercial comrade of long standing; Italy would still be seeking "our money and our tourists"; Russia would have remained "by nature our friend and an excellent neighbour"; Belgium—"We have no use for Belgium, from either a geographical or an ethnographical standpoint"; the United States would have rested complacent and business-like; Turkey, who could tell? For the rest, what matter?—and, as to Austria-Hungary, that was ever the chief delusion.

In his political aphorisms, the Prince writes: "Our foreign policy was directed alternately by pathological and oinological brains"; and "Not a soul wanted war with us. But we made them all suspect that we wanted war with them"; and, again, "The Franco-Russian Alliance was 'made in Germany,' as were also the *ententes* between Russia and Japan and between England and Russia. We achieved these feats by scaring each nation in turn. The *Entente Cordiale*, too, was forged in German workshops. It was nothing but a mutual assurance society against the danger of war." With: (in January 1915) "Bernard Shaw has expressed the opinion that if Russia and France had attacked us without good reason and had forced us into a corner, we could have reckoned on England's coming to our aid. I quite share this view.

to assist our colonial development as a whole, as England hoped to divert the German development of strength from the North Sea and Western Europe to the Ocean and to Africa."

The "Arch of Errors" would still have stood comparatively firm, the Ambassador avers, had it not been given as keystone "the punishment of the 'assassins of the Princes' for the sake of the 'vital interests' of an ally who to-day has completely disappeared."

On the other hand, he confesses that he was kept ill-informed. "Nothing can describe the rage of certain gentlemen at my achievements in London and the position that I had managed to make for myself in a short time. They devised vexatious instructions to render my office more difficult. I was left in complete ignorance of most important matters and was restricted to the communication of dull and unimportant reports. Secret agents' reports were sent in on matters about which I could without espionage learn nothing, even had I had the necessary funds, which was not the case; it was not until the last days of July 1914 that I learned, quite by chance, from the Naval Attaché, of the secret Anglo-French agreement concerning the co-operation of the two fleets in case of war." But he wired, on August 2, 1914: "... According to reliable information, the first and second fleets are lying at the Forth, at Cromarty, and in Scapa Flow..."; and on Aug. 4: "English ships and destroyers ran out of Dover last evening"; with the addition, in another telegram: "I have no new information as to the whereabouts of the English battle fleet."

That is sufficient to suggest a phase of "Heading for the Abyss." Possibly, the German Foreign Office, as Professor Sefton Delmer hints, employed their representative as something of a decoy duck. Certainly, as he himself tells, there was mystery as to his selection for the post at St. James's. He was drawn out of retirement, because, he asserts, the Ambassadorial chair in London was being "nursed" for a Ministerial protégé who was yet too callow. "Some elderly gentleman had, therefore, to be found, if possible with one foot in the grave, who would mark time in London until the young official in question had arrived at the necessary years of maturity. At first they hit on Herr von Eisendecker. He was old. That was the main consideration." He declined. "So they had to look about them for another 'greybeard.' They did not hit upon me, for at that time I was not ancient enough. The chief qualification required in the candidate was that he should be so old that the post would become vacant within a short period. Baron Marshall was the oldest ambassador; why not trot him out? Unfortunately he died earlier than the programme stipulated. Great embarrassment! The candidate-elect seemed still too young. The Wise Men put their heads together. They found they had run out of 'greybeards



AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN THE BYRON QUARTER OF ATHENS: A REMARKABLY FINE FUNERARY BAS-RELIEF BELIEVED TO DATE FROM THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

This bas-relief was found recently during the digging of some foundations in the Byron quarter at Athens. It shows a seated woman greeting a returning warrior, while in the background is a nurse holding an infant. The work is believed to date from the fifth century B.C., the great period of Attic sculpture, and is considered one of the finest of its kind yet discovered.

* "Heading for the Abyss." *Reminiscences* by Prince Lichnowsky. (Messrs. Constable and Co.; 25s. net.)



The NICEST chocolates you ever tasted

5/- & 6/-

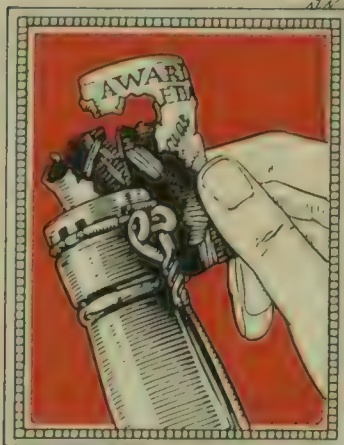
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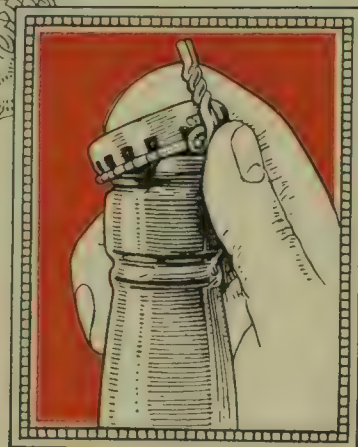
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Tear off Capsule



Lift up little Lever



Press up with thumb

*So easy to
open now—*

*For your greater
convenience—now
fitted with the easy
opening cap*

no corkscrew

—just lift the little lever

DEWAR'S
WHISKY



"INFRA-RED" FANTASIES: PHOTOGRAPHS BY INVISIBLE RAYS.

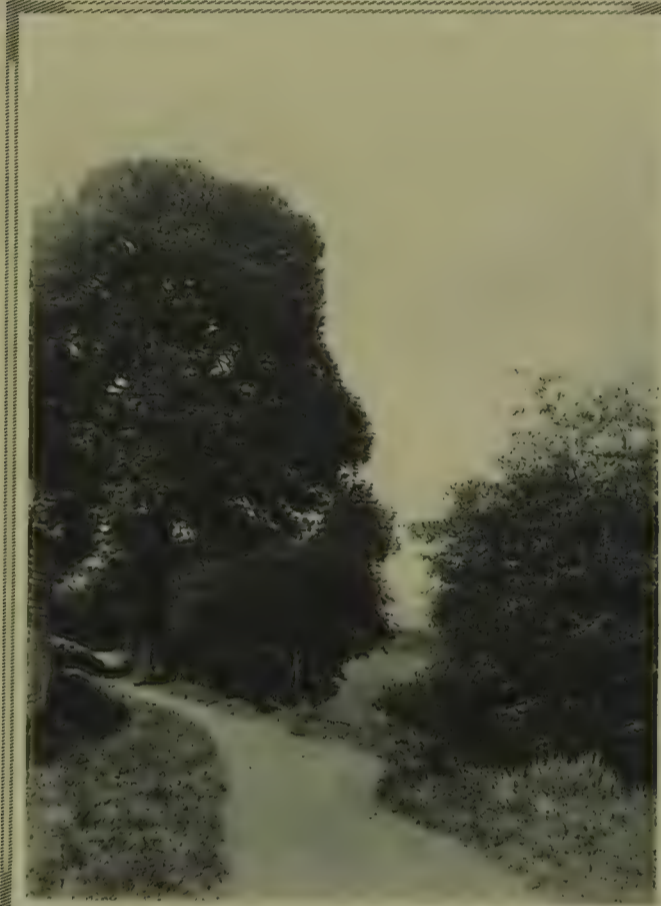
INFRA-RED PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. F. CORRIGAN.



1. A LANDSCAPE WITH THE DISTANCE OBSCURED BY MIST—AS SEEN BY THE EYES, AND AS RECORDED BY NORMAL PHOTOGRAPHY. (FOR COMPARISON WITH NO. 2.)



2. THE LANDSCAPE WITH THE MIST "CLEARED" BY INFRA-RED RAYS, WHICH ENABLE THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE TO RECORD THE DISTANT OBJECTS. (FOR COMPARISON WITH NO. 1.)



3. A COUNTRY LANE RECORDED BY NORMAL PHOTOGRAPHY, AND SHOWN AS IT WOULD BE OBSERVED (MINUS THE COLOURS) BY HUMAN VISION. (FOR COMPARISON WITH NO. 4.)

IT is well known that if a ray of sunlight passes through a glass prism we see a band of colours ranging from violet at one end to a deep crimson at the other. This colour-band is known as the "visible spectrum," each colour of which is caused by light-rays of a particular wave-length. For example, violet light has a wave-length of approximately 320 $\mu\mu$ ($\mu\mu$ =millionths of a millimetre); green light, 530 $\mu\mu$; whilst bright red light consists of rays of a wave-length of about 650 $\mu\mu$. The human eye is unable to see light of a longer wave-length than about 690-700 $\mu\mu$; nevertheless, the invisible radiations beyond that limit (known as "infra-red" rays) are able to affect a photographic plate, with the important result that objects which cannot be observed by us may be recorded on the plate with the aid of a special screen which passes only the infra-red rays through the camera lens. (See Photographs Nos. 1 and 2.) Unusual and fantastic results are obtained when infra-red photographs are taken in brilliant sunlight and in the presence of a blue sky and fresh green foliage. Our photographs Nos. 4 and 6

[Continued below.]



4. THE SAME COUNTRY LANE PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH THE INFRA-RED SCREEN, SHOWING THE FOLIAGE AND GRASS AS THOUGH COVERED BY SNOW; WITH A DARKENED SKY.



5. A DISTANT VIEW PHOTOGRAPHED BY VISIBLE LIGHT-RAYS. (FOR COMPARISON WITH NO. 6.)



6. THE DISTANT VIEW PHOTOGRAPHED BY INFRA-RED RAYS, AND SEEMING TO RESEMBLE A SNOW-SCAPE AT NIGHT.

[Continued.]

exemplify the strange effect of scenes as recorded by infra-red rays, and afford interesting comparisons with the more natural renderings obtained by normal photography. It will be noted in the infra-red examples that the trees and grass seem to be covered by snow. This is due to the fact that the green of the vegetation strongly reflects the infra-red rays, which, in consequence, are directed on to the photographic plate with greater intensity. Also, it will be seen that the sky appears to be almost black. This is accounted for by reason of the exposures being made when the sky was a deep blue—the blue sky absorbing the infra-red rays, thus allowing none to reach the plate. Further, in

connection with the subject of invisible rays, we may mention that beyond the violet end of the spectrum band other rays, known as ultra-violet, exist; but these also cannot be seen by human eyes. It is interesting to note, therefore, that with the aid of a mercury-vapour lamp, which floods invisible ultra-violet light over a case of fluorescent minerals exhibited at the Natural History Museum, London, a remarkable phenomenon results. The majority of the minerals are almost without colour, but when exposed to the ultra-violet rays they absorb the invisible light, and emit visible rays. Quinine, which ordinarily has no colour, becomes sky-blue; zinc-blende changes to a shining mass of old-gold.

ENGINEERING WONDERS OF LONDON FOR SEA AND AIR TRAVEL.



A GIGANTIC NEW
ENTRANCE LOCK
(1000 FT. LONG
AND 110 FT. WIDE)
UNDER
CONSTRUCTION
AT TILBURY,
TO CONNECT
THE RIVER WITH
THE MAIN
TILBURY DOCK:
A GREAT
ENGINEERING
WORK THAT
WILL ENABLE
THE LARGEST
VESSEL AFLOAT
(THE
"MAJESTIC")
TO BERTH IN
THE THAMES.



THE
SHORT-JUPITER
FLYING-BOAT
"CALCUTTA"
MOORED OPPOSITE
THE HOUSES OF
PARLIAMENT,
WHERE SHE HAS
ATTRACTED
HUGE CROWDS
AND BEEN VISITED
BY MANY M.P.S.:
THE FIRST
BRITISH
ALL-METAL
COMMERCIAL
FLYING-BOAT,
DESCRIBED BY
THE SECRETARY
FOR AIR AS THE
FINEST IN THE
WORLD.

London just now has two remarkable sights to show in the realm of engineering. One is the great entrance lock under construction at Tilbury, to connect the river with Tilbury Main Dock and enable the largest liner afloat, the "Majestic," to berth in the Thames. The lock is 1000 ft. long by 110 ft. wide, and the massive gates are 50 ft. high. Some 2½ million tons of earth have been removed by excavation or dredging, and 2000 men are engaged in the work, which was undertaken to keep pace with the increasing size of ships.—The other engineering wonder of the moment in London is the new 10-ton Short-Jupiter flying-boat "Calcutta," built for Imperial Airways, which arrived opposite the Houses of Parliament on August 1,

having been flown from Rochester by Mr. Lankester Parker, the pilot, accompanied by Mr. Oswald Short, the builder. She carries fifteen passengers, and is the largest heavier-than-air craft that has ever been seen over the heart of London. Directly she was moored, numbers of M.P.s made visits of inspection, including Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for Air, who has cruised in her, and declared her the finest commercial flying-boat in the world. The "Calcutta" drew immense crowds of spectators, and it was arranged that she should remain at Westminster until the House rose. It is proposed to place her first on the Southampton-Channel Islands route, and later, probably, on a section of the Empire air route to Australia.

A ONE-LEGGED CLIMBER IN THE ALPS: UNIQUE MOUNTAINEERING.



MR. GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG (RIGHT), WHO LOST A LEG IN THE WAR, WITH HIS GUIDES ON THE WEISSHORN :
A PRELUDE TO HIS REMARKABLE MOONLIGHT ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN A DAY OR TWO LATER.

Unique in the annals of Alpine climbing are the wonderful feats lately accomplished by Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young, the well-known mountaineer, who lost his left leg in the war. After experimenting with his artificial leg on British hills, he returned to the Alps last year after thirteen years' absence, and climbed Monte Rosa with Mr. Claude A. Elliott and two guides. "Early in July this year," he writes in the "Times," "we began with some climbs in the Dolomites. Then we drove to the Zermatt valley. For the first attempt we chose the Wellenkuppe." Later, with guides, they ascended the Weisshorn,

and reached the great tower (from the Hut) in $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours. "Mr. Elliott made a cast ahead; but pronounced the slushy snow on steep ice too dangerous. Shortly after, a huge avalanche from the summit just above us confirmed his judgment." A few days later Mr. Young climbed the Matterhorn at night, by moonlight, reaching the summit at 7.30 a.m. "Then," he writes, "came the long terrors of the grim descent—always worse than the ascent for the legless man." Mr. Young, who is fifty-one, is a son of Sir George Young, Bt., and brother of Sir Hilton Young. He is the author of "On High Hills."



THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING.

XXIV.—PROVINCIAL FURNITURE: POSSIBILITIES FOR THE COLLECTOR.

By ARTHUR HAYDEN, Author of "Bye-Paths in Collecting," "Chats on Old Silver," "Old Sheffield Plate," etc.

into the world of collecting, claim a toll from provincial treasures. Recently at Norwich the East Anglian School of Painters made a brave show at an exhibition which impelled the leading art critics to make a journey thither, to reassess the values of the Crome and the Cotman families, of James Stark, of George Vincent, and others.

At this season of the year, when folk take the highway, leaving great exhibitions of art in London, seeking reposefulness, but prinking their presence on sequestered byways, they carry with them a townful watchfulness for unguarded antiques. It is just at this time that they may fall. Some white-haired old lady, who has seen better days, parts with her "last heirloom," with proper tearfulness, to the errant motorist who believes he has with fine acuteness seized a treasure. In the evening the poor old dame dictates a postcard to her scholarly daughter, from the village post-office, to a dealer in a neighbouring town to "supply as before." But, in spite of this note of warning, on much-frequented highways, and even unsuspectingly lurking in supposedly obscure by-ways, there are untrodden fields and "fresh woods and pastures new."

In the quest for antiques in the provinces it may be remarked that the London sale-rooms depend upon the provinces for their provender. The rubbish, so presumed, of attics has been ransacked. Ungainly and unwanted pieces have turned out to be Queen Anne, when the mildew and the dirt have been scraped off. Old silver has never been hidden away except by a miser or some eccentric recluse. Pretty china, such as Bow, Worcester, and Chelsea, has always held a place in the open, even though unvalued as to exact market price. One may expect the primitives, so to speak—Whieldon figures, Toft dishes, and the like—to be hidden away or somewhat disregarded. Technique may appeal to the connoisseur, but prettiness demands open adulation. Quite a lot of "nasty old crockery," as the owners term it, has turned out to be rare Bristol Delft ware, or Liverpool or Leeds, and has brought close upon a hundred pounds at auction in London.

There is at the present moment a very old man sitting by the side of a purling stream in a chair which is pre-Elizabethan. He will sit there in the sun till the Great Shadow comes, and then the writer will see quite properly that his estate, just now exactly what he stands up in, will benefit by the sale of the golden treasure of fine historic and artistic value which rested his bones. Perhaps the Recording Angel will forgive the assumed kindness of heart displayed towards an irritable and possibly unworthy old person, while an eye was lovingly cast on delectable carving and exquisite symmetry of design.

With motor routes and motor-maps encompassing the four quarters of England, it is difficult to offer suggestions as to possibilities. But these still remain to those who leave the beaten track and attempt to learn something more than surface knowledge of the provinces. Before dialect disappears under the tutelage of the broadcast speech of the Oxford or pseudo-Oxford elect, before boundaries of counties vanish as meaningless landmarks in the swift progress of the motorist who sets out to cover a long distance, it should be within the collector's province to differentiate between local idiosyncrasies. In Cumberland or in Devonshire we do not find chairs with deep backs and broad splats of the Sheraton period, inlaid with brass. They belong to East Anglia, and have been attributed to Dutch workers who settled there. Nor does one seek the oak seventeenth-century chair with arcades and appendages in bell-like form in the South or the West; it belongs to Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire.

Up and down the country are still to be found what are termed cottage chairs, but really belonging to the yeomanry, made in elm, beech, yew, all comparatively soft woods, emulating the mahogany which rarely in early days came to the provinces. Hence we find provincial makers forgetting oak and walnut, and adopting their native woods to follow the fashions of the middle eighteenth century promulgated by Chippendale. There is something especially interesting about chairs and tables found in the same locality, belonging to the same period, and, as far as one can determine, made by the same village joiners; they offer variations of design, as though the originator determined to set forth an array of patterns. We

cannot say there are no examples exactly alike, but one cannot find many; there are slight and often piquant variations in design. Made at the same time, and possibly by the same maker, are chairs which indicate a leaning towards Chippendale styles or have an indication of the Hepplewhite manner.

In this latter case the cresting of the back of the chair is raised and the design shows a tendency towards the heart-shaped back (see Figs. 3 and 4).

There are still left, though difficult to find, some old examples of the oak gate-table, an especially English form. There are many phases of the design extending over a long period from the seventeenth throughout the eighteenth century, and such tables are being made now. From the diminutive size of early specimens, some three feet in height, to the elaborate form with twelve legs, the field is extensive. The illustration (Fig. 1) shows a gate-table of late seventeenth-century



FIG. 2. MADE ABOUT 1785 BY JOHN GRANT, OF FLEET STREET: AN INN CLOCK, DECORATED IN BLACK- AND -GOLD LACQUER, WITH WHITE NUMERALS ON THE DIAL AND NO PROTECTIVE GLASS.

form with double gates, having the unusual egg-and-reel turning. Other types are ball-turning, and, later, "barley-sugar"—a pattern much sought after.

Farmhouse dressers are a subject to themselves. They have been much sought after by collectors for many years, and it is not easy to procure fine examples unless at a somewhat prohibitive figure. The furniture of inns has always interested townfolk. There is a form of inn clock which is erroneously termed an "Act of Parliament" clock, being supposed to be connected with Pitt's tax on clocks and watches, in 1797, of five shillings per annum. But such clocks were known long before that. Goldsmith, in his "Deserted Village," in 1770, speaks of "the varnished clock that ticked behind the door." They are mostly in black lacquer, and have no protective glass over the dial, while the figures are in white. An example is illustrated (Fig. 2) in date about

1785, and made by John Grant, Fleet Street, London. Such clocks appear to be more frequently found in the southern counties. As a rule elaborately decorated examples should be regarded with caution by the collector. They were mainly plainly lacquered in black without any gold ornament. Some years ago there was one at a Kentish inn, with no works, bearing the inscription "No Tick," an ale-house jest as to credit which the most seasoned toper would understand.



FIG. 4. A FARMHOUSE CHAIR OF YEW MADE BY A PROVINCIAL MAKER IN CHIPPENDALE STYLE (MIDDLE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY). In place of mahogany, native woods were used, mainly elm, beech, yew, and sometimes oak.

THE assizable furniture in the English provinces, and we may include Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, has been surveyed during the past ten years with skilful judgment. But the last word has not yet been said in regard to guarded possessions. Peculiarly tenacious in holding heirlooms, the cottager and the yeoman have quite as fixed a code as the great landowner with feudal traditions. It must be admitted that the Great War, with its aftermath, has shaken or even dislodged the wealthier possessor of old furniture, silver, and unique tapestries, which have found their way to London auction-rooms to be written upon, to be illustrated, and to be dispersed—who knows whither, except the chroniclers of new generations of owners? Such fine possessions



FIG. 1. AN OAK GATE-TABLE OF LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FORM: AN EXAMPLE WITH DOUBLE GATES, EGG-AND-REEL TURNING, AND TURNED STRETCHERS.

These types belong to the late seventeenth century, but continued to be made in the provinces during the next century.

add their record to the history of the sale-room. They give a hall-mark to collections made by a new plutocratic aristocracy, in this country and in America.

The spirit of modernity has descended upon the quiet English countryside. Popular journals have made sensational announcements as to discoveries, in secluded villages and in obscure farmhouses, of great treasures of art. It was only a few weeks ago that workmen at Weymouth found some hundreds of Roman coins in their process of excavation. The same modernity has robbed the Chinaman of his picturesque pigtail. At the end of July, at Jerusalem, the Palestine Arab Educational Conference resolved that boys in secondary schools should wear European dress, shirts and shorts, instead of the traditional caftan, and that no fez should be worn indoors. These are signs of the times—the days of wireless and the cinema.

In regard to provincial England, which lies outside the influence of London as an art centre, especially as a centre of sales of the finest and best that collecting can offer, a very formidable doubt arises as to what is provincial. Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Nottingham, Bristol, and Cardiff, in regard to incursions



FIG. 3. A FARMHOUSE CHAIR OF BEECHWOOD MADE BY A PROVINCIAL MAKER, WITH TRACES OF THE STYLE OF HEPPLEWHITE. This belongs to the same type of chair as that shown in Fig. 4, and the same explanatory note applies here.

TO GO TO AMERICA: THE TALBOT HUGHES MINIATURES IN OILS.

BY COURTESY OF THE FINE ART SOCIETY.



CHARLES I.: BY CORNELIUS VAN POELEMBURG, 1586-1667.
(English School. Copper Oval, 1½ by 1½.)



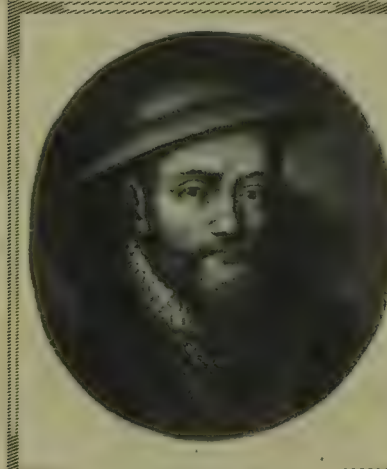
LADY IN A FAN RUFF: BY PETER OLIVER.
(English School. Early Seventeenth Century. Copper Oval, 3⅜ by 2½.)



A LADY IN A RUFF AND FUR HAT: BY EMANUEL DE WITTE, 1607-1692.
(Dutch School. Copper Oval, 2⅜ by 2½.)



JUANNA PACHECO, WIFE OF VELASQUEZ: BY VELASQUEZ, 1599-1660.
(Spanish School. Copper Oval, 2⅛ by 1⅛.)



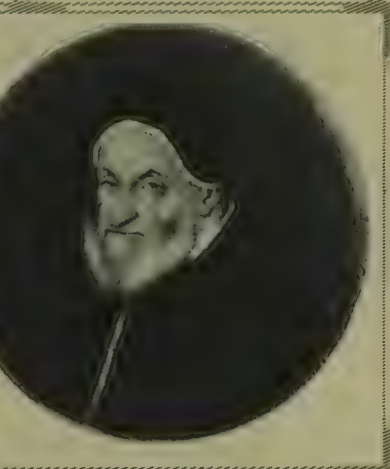
RUDOLPH II. OF GERMANY—WEARING A PILGRIM'S HAT: GERMAN SCHOOL, 1552-1612.
(Gold Amalgam Oval, 2⅝ by 2½.)



GERARD BRANDT, THE DUTCH POET: BY GERARD TERBORCH, 1617-1691.
(Dutch School. Copper Oval, 3⅛ by 2¾.)



SIR RICHARD GREVILLE: BY PETER OLIVER.
(English School. Copper Oval, 3⅛ by 2⅛.)



POPE JULIUS III.; WITH A REVERSED PORTRAIT OF HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE.
(Italian School. Copper Circle, 3¼.)



MARIA THERESA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP IV., AFTERWARDS WIFE OF LOUIS XIV.: BY FRANCESCO PACHECO, 1580-1654.
(Spanish School. Rectangular Copper, 4½ by 4.)



CATHERINE, PRINCESS OF CLEVES: BY SANCHEO COELLO, 1515-1590.
(Spanish School. Copper Circle, 4½.)



CLARA EUGENIA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP V.: BY BARTOLEME GONZALES, 1564-1627.
(Spanish School. Rectangular Copper, 4½ by 3½.)

The fine collection of miniatures in oils formed by Mr. Talbot Hughes and recently on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's, in New Bond Street, has been sold as a whole to the Rosenbach Company, of New York and Philadelphia, and, it is understood, will be a feature of that firm's new art and book galleries, which are to be opened in New York in the autumn. Dealing with the subject the other day, the "Times" said: "The collection is the most extensive one of its kind ever got together, and numbers about seven hundred examples, dating from the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The only other collection comparable to that of Mr. Hughes is, so far as is known, that of the Medici at Florence, about 250, nearly all Italian. . . . The miniature in oils was exceedingly popular until it was superseded at the end of the seventeenth century by those painted in water-colours, by which a refinement and elegance not possible in oils

could be got." To which may be added the following extract from the Foreword Note (by Mr. Ralph Edwards) to the Exhibition Catalogue: "From early times there was a demand for small and highly finished portraits which could be readily exchanged despite difficulties of transport; while miniatures were often given by Sovereigns to the representatives of foreign States. It is said that Velasquez and Rubens received such gifts, generally presented with a chain of gold. Francesco Pacheco, father-in-law of Velasquez, in his 'Treatise of Painting,' laments the fate of these small portraits, which, unrecognised as the work of those who painted them, passed into obscurity after the death of their original owners. Even in his own lifetime, he had seen them despised and neglected. . . . There is a great variety in the base. . . . Copper is most usual, but they are found on vellum, gold, silver, pewter, brass, tortoise-shell, glass, ivory, and various woods."

ARE THE STARS LIQUID? THE NEW JEANS THEORY.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A., ETC.



FROM BIRTH AS A MASS OF GAS, TO DEATH AS A FROZEN BODY: THE LIFE-STORY OF A STAR.

Concerning this illustration, Mr. Scriven Bolton writes: "Until recently, the stars were regarded as wholly gaseous structures. The generally accepted new theory of Dr. J. H. Jeans, given in a paper before the Royal Astronomical Society, may be outlined as follows: A star is born as a mass of gas. It contracts rapidly, occupying only a few years. As contraction continues, it grows hotter. Temperature rises with decrease in diameter, and this rise causes the rings of electrons to be stripped from the atoms. The star's diameter decreases more rapidly than does the size of the atoms, so that the gas-laws are no longer obeyed, and only the outer layers (atmosphere) remain gaseous. Continued contraction results in the atoms becoming so

closely packed, and ionised, that the star's density cannot increase further. The interior is then described as an incompressible fluid. The star lingers in this state over a relatively long period, after which its light and heat rapidly diminish, and it ends its career as a frozen body. Our sun is believed to be approaching this final stage. In stars older than the sun, most of the electrons have been annihilated in the process of transforming matter into radiation; hence they radiate less energy. This new concept of a star's interior means that the central temperature (formerly based upon gas-laws) must be reduced 32 per cent. The sun's central temperature now works out at 38 million degrees. A star's diameter must be similarly modified."

South Africa

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"This Cape is a most stately thing and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth," wrote Sir Francis Drake after rounding the Cape of Good Hope in the "Golden Hind" on his memorable voyage across the world in 1580.

Since Drake's day the ocean route to South Africa has become one of the greatest highways of the Empire. It is renowned, too, as the fair-weather passage of the seas and has rich historical associations linked with the wonderful voyages of the old wooden fleets.

To-day, swift liners, equipped with every luxury and comfort, make light of the voyage, but they have not robbed this route of its romance. None of the white-winged argosies of old set sail for South Africa on enterprises more charged with joyous anticipation and possibilities than those awaiting the modern traveller on this happy voyage of discovery to the realm of sunshine and health and a land of splendid opportunities.

Particulars of travel to this Dominion can readily be obtained from the DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY, SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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Fashions & Fancies



The modern woman regards this trim flying kit as a most important item of her wardrobe.

Both coat and breeches are in soft chrome leather, lined with suede cloth, completed with a furred helmet to match. Her small admirer also wears a leather coat, which comes from the same source, Gamages, Holborn, E.C., specialists in sports outfits.



Early Autumn Secrets.

The wind has already blown across the Channel a few leaves from the fruitful tree of autumn fashions, which Paris has been busily tending during the last two months. For the famous dress designers and the *midinettes*, August spells "Autumn," and many of their finished productions are already to be seen in London. Evening fashions always seem to arrive first, chiefly, I suppose, because the weather and temperature affect them least. One thing is obvious, that the uneven hemline will reign supreme, dipping at the back in preference to the side, or the semi-circular curve. It is hardly a dip, perhaps, so much as a series of trains, tails, and godets which decorate the backs of the frocks, sometimes forming part of the whole, but often falling quite independently from the waistline. Two narrow panels, for instance, falling from the waist to the ankles, are introduced on slim, supple frocks of ring velvet, or a new brocaded chiton, while fuller dresses of tulle and net float away at the back in long, pointed tails.

The High Neck a Strong Candidate.

There is a decided tendency in the early collections to bring back the high neck into favour for the daytime. But those who direct the trend of fashions over here seem dubious that the mode will succeed very far. True, a few seasons ago the polo jumper flourished exceedingly for a little while, but it is always easier to popularise sports fashions, and the high neck introduced in tailored frocks and coats is more trying to wear. It is, of course, always smart, and the woman who can carry it well will welcome the return. The wearing of scarves tight round the neck with one end floating down the back is, after all, only a variation of the same line. Coats of a very soft tweed trimmed with fur and lined with crêpe-de-Chine to match the frock they accompany are favoured for the daytime. The coats, although of tweed, are a little more elaborate and less masculine in cut than those of last season. One, for instance, has a pattern round the hips and up the front, formed by quilting, and another boasts the centre of the back and the sleeves from wrist to elbow adorned by a patchwork of checks formed by intricate pleating of the material. The line of the collar is also less formal, the revers being replaced by a line of soft fur, or by a long scarf collar.

Flying Fashions.

The modern sportswoman has had to add yet another costume to her wardrobe recently, for, with the founding of "Moth" clubs and aeroplane picnics, flying has become an established pastime. A neat, practical costume, which is light as well as wind-proof, is the one sketched above, designed and carried out by Gamages, Holborn, E.C. It is of supple chrome leather, lined with suede cloth. The breeches are made with an extension to the ankle, protecting the legs well against the wind. This firm specialise in practical accessories for all sports. There are long leather coats for motoring, ranging from 79s. 6d., and suede golf jackets from 4 guineas; while well-cut tweed coats, which will answer many holiday purposes, are only 3 guineas. White blanket tennis coats can be secured for 29s. 6d., and reliable oilskins for fishing, etc., are available for the same amount.

The Children's Holiday Trunk.

Packing the children's holiday trunk is always a difficulty, for they seem to need far more clothes than grown-ups. Frocks for hot weather, dozens of them, and warm coats and mackintoshes are all needed. A very useful item of equipment which takes the place of a mackintosh or a warm coat on a chilly day is the double-breasted leather coat sketched above, also from Gamages. It is lined with fleece, and costs 63s., size 30 in. Then there is a "mac and sou'wester,"

obtainable for 5s. 11d. the set, sizes 21 in. to 27 in., incredibly modest in price; and printed cotton frocks are offered at 3s. 11d. each, in all sizes. For later on in the season, when school is looming on the near horizon, navy school frocks can be secured for 22s. 9d., size 24 in.; and navy velour coats range from 24s. 9d.

New Early Autumn Coats.

Buying clothes for Scotland is a good excuse for being amongst the first to acquire early autumn models. Fur-trimmed coats are beginning to make their appearance amongst the latest fashions, and a very smart coat to be found at Kenneth Durward's, of Conduit Street, W., is the smoke-grey ribbed velour pictured below, trimmed with lamb. Inset in the sleeves and pockets are bands of the material with the stripes used in the reverse way, revealing the tendency towards more *travaillées* modes. The second model is a perfectly cut coat in a pinky-beige bordered tweed. Travelling coats in various tweeds can be obtained for 6 guineas.

The Best Holiday Companion.

Writing letters on a holiday is only saved from being an irksome task by a good fountain pen, which will accompany you everywhere and be ready at a second's notice. There is a new Waterman pen arrived just in time for the holidays, or, rather, the same reliable old friend in new, gay colours. It is the ripple rubber pen, now obtainable in stainless colourings. These pens are made in two sizes, one at 30s. and a smaller size at 25s., while the pencils to match are 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.



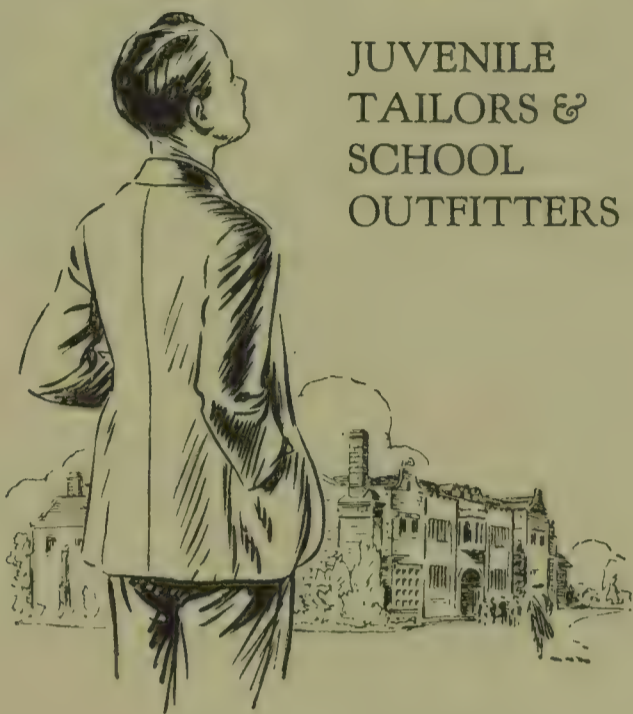
Already new models for the early autumn are to be seen in London, and here are two smart coats from Kenneth Durward, of Conduit Street, W. The one on the left is in rose-coloured bordered tweed, and the other in grey ribbed velour, warmly trimmed with lamb.



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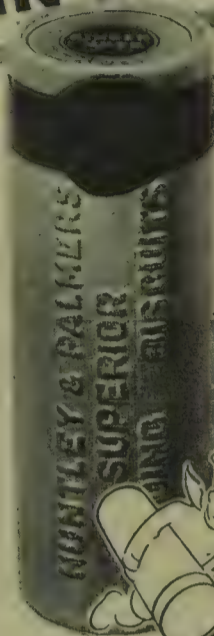
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For all information apply to the SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE de LA BAULE (Loire-Inférieure).

ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE.

By PROTONIUS.

XIX.—ELECTRICITY FOR HEALTH.

ELECTRICITY ministers to health in so many ways that electro-medicine has become a specialised branch of the art of healing, and, indeed, of late years has split up into a bewildering number of sub-branches, each with its own elaborate technique. In this article, therefore, we must confine our attention mainly to one or two which possess the widest public interest. Perhaps the most prominent in recent days is the "artificial sunlight treatment." This has been the subject of warnings from the British Medical Association, which carried a resolution at its Cardiff meeting in favour of placing this and kindred forms of radiation under expert control. With this in view, it is important that the public should appreciate just what the treatment really means.

The health-giving power of sunshine has been realised ever since men worshipped the sun. About thirty years ago medical men began to make a systematic study of "sun-cure" for various diseases, and immediately, of course, they came up against the difficulty that the supply of natural sunlight was capricious. So they turned to electricity as a reliable source of artificial sunlight, and developed various kinds of "ultra-violet ray" apparatus which would give the precise type and degree of radiation needed in the treatment of skin troubles, rickets, tuberculosis, and other diseases. At the same time, the makers of such apparatus produced small "domestic" forms which would provide the general tonic to the system we are liable to need in our comparatively sunless climate. Exaggerated claims were frequently made for these forms; they were advertised as in effect a combined panacea and elixir of life. Such extravagance has brought its inevitable reaction, and to-day many people associate artificial sunlight apparatus with the "electric belt," "electric anti-rheumatic ring," and other quackeries.

The truth is, however, that artificial sunlight is an extremely valuable cure and tonic, but its value depends upon its intelligent use. So far as curing disease is concerned, it should be employed only under expert advice; so far as its tonic effect in daily life is in question, discretion is imperative. Dr. Leonard Hill wants us to use "arc baths" as we use water

baths; but whereas we have all learned not to have our water baths too hot or too cold, and not to stay in them too long, we are not so familiar with the best periods and intensities of artificial sunlight. If we take the trouble to find these out, and if we use only the apparatus made by electro-medical firms of the highest repute, we need not hesitate to enjoy the stimulus that the electric sun can give us.

There is another form of domestic electrical treatment which is less recondite, and therefore capable of being freely used. The electric-light bath has two main uses—one in the treatment of rheumatism, and the other as a normal form of hygiene. Taking the latter first, the apparatus is simply a cabinet containing electric lamps whose main function is to provide heat which induces a copious perspiration. The effect is similar to a Turkish bath, though the action is not so prolonged or so drastic. As a means of preventing chills, removing stiffness and the risk of rheumatism after exertion, and of ridding the system in general of waste, there is a great deal to be said for the electric bath. The electric-light bath proper is a recognised form of treatment for rheumatism and kindred diseases. It depends for its efficacy upon the penetrating power of heat and light rays from special lamps. The apparatus is designed to enable special parts of the body to be treated as required, and here again the treatment should invariably be carried out under medical supervision.

"Vibro-massage" covers a variety of applications which are more familiar to the public. The apparatus used is a small electric motor which transmits a rapid vibratory movement to various "applicators" required for the treatment of the scalp, face, or body. Here the effect is to relieve pain, stimulate circulation, and promote a healthy condition in lackadaisical tissues. While some skill is, of course, needed to secure the best effects, the electric vibrator has no dangers attached to its general use.

For many years extensive use has been made of various forms of electric current for the treatment of nervous affections. The most familiar of these is the "shocking coil," which has been with us since the early 'eighties; but the majority of them are outside the domestic range. Quite the most interesting to the layman is the "diathermy" treatment, in which currents of electricity are induced in the tissues of a limb, heating even the most deep-seated parts. A certain disease of the knee, due to a bacillus which

dies above a certain temperature, has been cured by this ingenious method.

There are many other medical and surgical applications which appeal to the popular imagination, such as the tiny lamps which facilitate examination of the throat and stomach, the electro-magnet which extracts iron particles from the eye, the electric cautery which uses a hot wire for searing tissues, and so on. But these picturesque services belong to the hospital rather than the home, and the ordinary user of electricity is more concerned with the minority cases where he himself may use electricity for health treatment, and with the general claim that the use of electricity for lighting, heating, cooking, cleaning, and ventilation provides the finest hygienic atmosphere he could desire.

From many dairy farms in Shropshire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, and Staffordshire, Messrs. Cadbury Brothers are buying every year millions of gallons of milk for use in making milk chocolate. A statement issued by Cadbury's gives the assurance that only fresh home-produced milk is used for this purpose. The significance of this to English farmers, dairymen, and agricultural and transport workers is shown by the statement that in making every half-pound block of Cadbury's milk chocolate a glass and a half of English fresh milk is used.

British interest in Canada as a place of settlement is apt to overlook the attractions of Nova Scotia. Yet of all Canada's pleasant provinces, where people can dwell in comfort and children can have a future, Nova Scotia is nearest to the Old Land, easiest to reach, and with a climate very much like that of Britain, only brighter. For outdoor sports by land and sea, lake or river, it is unrivalled, and renowned for scenic beauty. Agriculture in the Annapolis Valley, a regular apple orchard, can add substantially to a small income. Thus the province has many attractions for family men of small capital and any small assured income of from £200 a year upwards. Educational facilities are exceptionally good. A cordial invitation is given to investigate the prospects, and Major Rod MacIauchlan, whose farm is located in the Annapolis Valley, has come over specially to give first-hand information. Inquiries should be addressed to the Agent-General for Nova Scotia, 1, Spring Gardens, Trafalgar Square, London, S.W.1.

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Hostess: "Dark Mansion Polish; it is very good."

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

JACKS—GOOD AND BAD.

A HYPERCRITICAL motorist could, I suppose, if he were challenged, find a dozen or more features about the average modern car which deserve

almost anything, in short. These and other limitations to the perfection of the modern car have been so long familiar to us that I imagine we take them for granted, just as we take the weather—as a thing inevitable and unchangeable. They get gradually improved, I suppose, and in course of time we shall get carburettors which do their job, hoods whose manipulation is really the work of one man, scientifically constructed lamps, and everything we need for our comfort and safety.

A First Kit-Inspection.

Yet there is one feature found in a number of new cars which we can nearly always criticise before seeing it, and that is the general tool - equipment, especially the jack. We have all heard this complaint about tool-kits (I have not yet met one moderate-priced car whose tool-box did not lack at least one essential spanner), inefficient tyre pumps, and, above all, thoroughly bad jacks. I have myself complained so much about it that the other day I sought the opportunity of being on the spot when a brand-new car just delivered to its proud owner was being put through its first tool-kit inspection, and I found my worst fears realised,

or, if you prefer to put it this way, I was relieved to find that I had not all these years been exaggerating.

Trench-Digging.

"Relieved" is certainly not the word I should have used in connection with the feelings of the man who

had just paid between £300 and £400 for the latest model of a famous make. With a front tyre down, we found that the head of the jack in its lowest position could not be squeezed under the axle unless a small trench was dug for its foot before-hand. On third-class roads, on lanes, and in other people's drives, this might perhaps be done if necessary, but I should much dislike having to dig a small trench on, say, the Great West Road, or anywhere between Barnet and Edinburgh.

Having finally wangled this cheap jack into position (with the help of another jack, of course), we found that the labour of twisting the operating handle was at least equal to what it used to be twenty years ago. Further, when the jack was raised to its fullest extent, there was just room, and only just, for the fully inflated spare wheel to be slipped on to the studs. Should my friend ever have a front-wheel puncture in a soft road, he will not be able to put on the spare wheel without first of all deflating the tyre. Naturally, not every car is sent out in this primitive condition, but the number of perfectly useless jacks with which a large number of

(Continued overleaf.)



THE FIRST AND THE TWO-MILLIONTH OVERLAND CARS SIDE BY SIDE: AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING SIR WILLIAM LETTS AND MR. JOHN N. WILLYS.

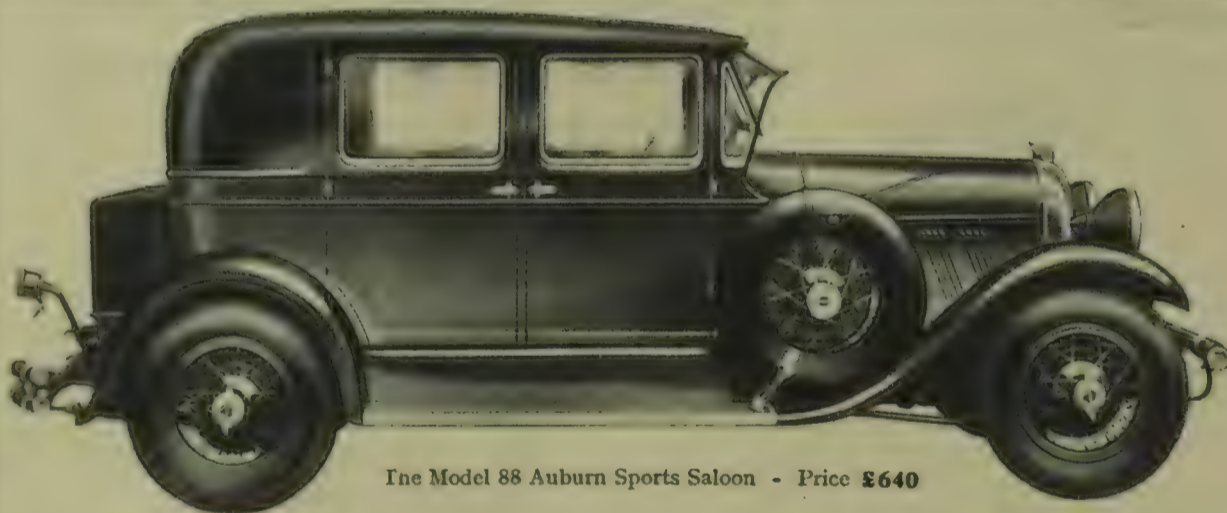
This interesting photograph was taken during the recent visit of Sir William Letts to the Willys Overland factory at Toledo. It shows the first Overland car ever built, together with the 2,000,000th car, produced on July 2. Mr. John N. Willys is seen leaning against the front of the 2,000,000th car, while Sir William Letts, in a dark suit and soft felt hat, is a little to the right of the original Overland. Mr. John N. Willys has just arrived in Europe, and is shortly expected in this country. The 2,000,000th Overland car closes the greatest six months' production in the company's history, a six-month period which has exceeded total production for any previous twelve-month period, with two exceptions, and exceeded the total for 1927 by a wide margin. For the previous twelve-month record (in 1925) 214,260 units were produced. The production for the first half of 1928 was slightly over 200,000.

censure. He could quarrel with the modern carburettor, which sometimes does not make a very much better all-round showing than its ancestors; or with the lighting system, which even to-day seems unable to combine illumination for the driver and comfort for those illuminated; with badly placed control levers; with hoods which it takes just as long to work and fold as it did ten years ago—with

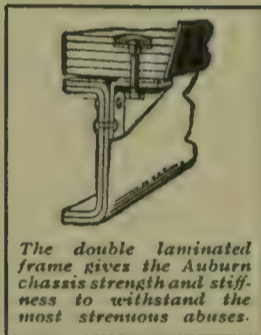


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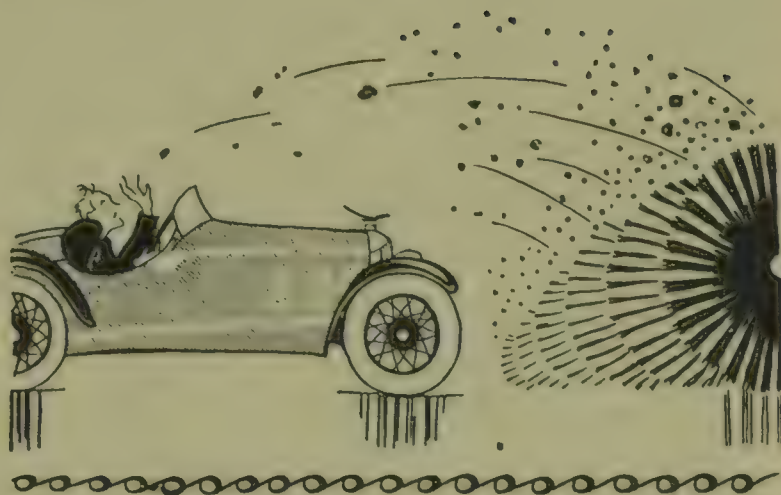
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(Continued.)

moderate-priced cars are supplied is remarkable. It really looks as if car-manufacturers believe that the age of punctures is over, and that wheels, once fixed, will never have to be taken off again.

Two Good Exceptions.

I am moved to this repeated protest once more not so much because of the sorrows of my friend—and he is by no means a solitary example—but because I have recently come across two sorts of jacks—one cheap, and the other less so—which make me wonder all the more why certain makers go on supplying rubbish with their cars. The first, and cheap one, is known as the "Stadium Junior" hydraulic jack, which was sent to me to test and report on by Etienne et Cie., 75, Paul Street, E.C.2. This instrument is guaranteed to lift a two-ton car, and I should say that very likely the claim is justified.

The "Stadium."

It is a very neat affair altogether, compact and sturdy. The height of Model 393a when closed is 7 in., and when fully extended, 13½ in., an alternative model, 393, having a closed height of 8½ in. and a maximum extension of 17 in. The ease with which I was able to raise my car by either axle was really surprising. All that is necessary to bring a completely deflated tyre clear of the ground, far enough to allow the spare wheel to be put on in comfort, is a few up-and-down movements of the operating handle, movements which require no strength or effort whatever. You can do it with two fingers of your left hand, and for once in a way it is true to say that a child can do it. Both models cost 25s.

The "Jackall."

The more expensive jack is an altogether more ambitious affair, but well worth the money they ask for it. It is called the "Mayfair Four Wheel Jackall," and consists of a set of four jacks which are permanently fixed to the axles, one for each wheel. Their control is centralised at a convenient point on the running-board, where a shallow aluminium box contains a force-pump and the necessary charge of oil. This is fitted below the running-board, and on the top of the running-board is a dial with a pointer on it. All that is necessary when a tyre goes flat is for the driver to put the pointer in the position which indicates the suffering wheel, and then, with a detachable handle, work the jack in much the same

way as he would work the "Stadium" jack, except that the handle is upright instead of being horizontal.

I was really very much impressed with this device. Not only does it abolish the ordinary jack troubles completely, but it provides proper means for such work as adjusting four-wheel brakes. Moreover, it affords most convenient means of keeping the tyres off the ground during a prolonged period of storage. The price, exclusive of fitting charges, is £8, £9, and £10 for a small, medium, and large car.—JOHN PRIOLEAU.

TATTOOING AND THE CRIMINAL.

(Continued from Page 250.)

I have often been asked if it is possible to efface tattoo marks. They can certainly be rendered almost invisible to the eye, but the camera and the microscope always reveal them, no matter how long since they were bleached. Dr. Variot discovered the only really efficacious method for destroying pigment under the skin; but it is a painful process. The entire design is again pricked with needles; a weak solution of nitrate of silver is rubbed over the surface and tannin applied. The cutaneous secretion coagulates and retains some of the corrosive; a swollen purple weal forms in the place of the blue or red design, and this slowly diminishes until it becomes an almost invisible scar. Some time ago an Italian claimed to have discovered a liquid which completely bleached any tattoo marks. He became notorious in the criminal world, and was much sought after. His preparation was bottled and sold in quantities. The laboratory analysed the stuff and found that it was composed of oxalic acid and carbonate of potassium. The sale was at once prohibited, but not before every hospital in Paris had admitted two or three cases of severe inflammation, localised erysipelas, and blood poisoning, as the result of foolish attempts to destroy tattooing with this dangerous concoction. Everything has been tried. Nitric acid, sulphuric acid, acetic acid poultices followed by applications of ammonia, and even cauterisation with the white-hot blade of a knife. The tattooing may indeed be destroyed, but scars remain which are quite as easily identified as the former designs. Lacassagne observed numerous cases where tattooing suddenly disappeared without apparent cause. This inexplicable phenomenon once became the pivot of a very complex investigation in Berlin.

The body of a man was found lying in a ditch. He had been murdered, and the face was so terribly mutilated that identification was well-nigh impossible. It was believed, however, that the victim was a soldier named Sorgman. If this was so, then the assassin was a dangerous drug-trafficker known as Schorl. Several friends of Sorgman testified that a fish was tattooed in red on his left forearm. The medical experts had made no mention of any such mark in their report. A specialist was consulted who declared that designs tattooed with vermilion often disappeared after a time, and that it was possible this had happened in the case of Sorgman.

Schorl had sworn to kill Sorgman for having ruined and brought about the death of his sweetheart; thus, if the dead man was indeed Sorgman, his murderer was Schorl. The fate of the latter depended, therefore, upon the testimony of the doctor, who had to decide whether the tattooed fish might have faded. No other man had disappeared, and the only reason why numerous friends and relatives hesitated to affirm that the dead man was Sorgman was because no tattooing had been discovered on his arm. A long and patient investigation by the laboratory experts proved that red tattooing did indeed become invisible in some cases. The body was exhumed and the left arm photographed. Faint traces of red pigment were discovered by means of specially prepared plates, and Schorl was thereupon sentenced to death and beheaded. He confessed to the murder at the last minute.

Another peculiar case was that which I have described in the story of the tattooed men. These were former soldiers from the African penal settlements, who had deserted and murdered a wealthy Arab Sheikh. The men were all recaptured and sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment. Some years later two of them were found dead in Paris, and a piece of skin had been cut from the midst of a network of tattooing on their backs. It was ascertained that these men had stolen a large sum of money from the Arab Sheikh, which they had buried when they realised that the military police sent to capture them were already drawing near. A part of the directions for finding the buried money had been tattooed on each man's neck in cypher. True to his treacherous nature, the leader had killed two of his comrades and ripped the tattooed directions from their backs, in order to obtain the buried treasure for himself.

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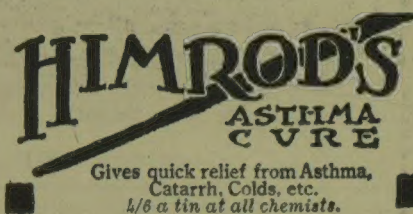
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

J S ALMEIDA (Bombay).—Your p.c. must have gone astray. Since you commenced solving, we have received from you correct solutions of all problems except No. 4023, the one in question.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4031.—By RUDOLF L'HERMET.
Keymove: BQ5 {Bd5}.

If 1. — K×B, 2. QB5; if 1. — P×B, 2. BQ4; if 1. — KB3, 2. QB4; if 1. — PB3, 2. QK4; and if 1. — PB4, 2. QQ4.

A delicate composition in the Bohemian style, which has led astray an unusually large number of our solvers. The variations work like the inside of a Yale lock; every piece having its significance, and a minimum of force being used.

The International Team Tournament at the Hague has just commenced, and when this note appears the result will be known. Prophecy is, therefore, more than usually hazardous, but we will risk saying that the U.S.A. team appears very strong among the competing nations, few of which are as strongly represented as at the last Westminster Congress. The game which follows was played between the American third and fourth strings at the Manhattan Club, and won a brilliancy prize for the victor.

WHITE (Mr. E. Tholfsen)	BLACK (Mr. I. Kashdan)	WHITE (Mr. E. Tholfsen)	BLACK (Mr. I. Kashdan)
1. PQ4	KtKB3	22. B×Pch	K×B
2. KtKB3	PQ4	23. Q×Ktch	KKt1
3. PB4	PB3	24. R×B	PB3
4. KtB3	PK3	To prevent 25. RR4.	
5. PK3	QKtQ2	25. P×P	Kt×P
6. BQ3	P×P	26. QKt6	QRK1
7. B×BP	PQK4	27. PB3	PR4
8. BQ3	PQR3	28. QRQ1	KtQ2
9. QK2	PB4		

Black has made seven pawn moves, and White, but for his strategic lapse later on, should have had the better of it.

10. Castles Bkt2
11. RQ1 QKt3
12. PQR4 PB5
13. Bkt1 PKt5
14. KtR2

He sees that PR3 will not do, but the QKt is marooned, and remains remote from the K-side assault which ensues.

15. PK4 RB2
16. Bkt5 BK2
17. PQ5 Castles
18. PK5 P×P
19. BB4 QK3!

Aiming, of course, at KtKt5, winning offhand.

19. KtR4
20. Bkt5 BR4
21. KtQ4 B×Kt

With the Qs off, it is obvious the Black Ps will win, and Black cleverly uses the threat of exchange to force a R to the deadly 7th rank.

29. QR5 QB2
30. QR4 RK7
It is all over now, but had White resigned we should have lost the brilliant finish.

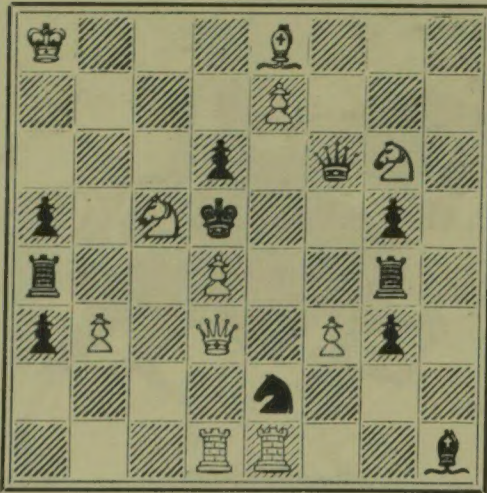
31. KtBr R×P
32. RKt4 KtK4
33. RKt3 PQ5
34. Q×P R×Pch!

A beautiful stroke, to which there is no riposte. If he plays R×R, or KR1, Kt×P equally destroys him.

35. K×R Kt×P
36. QK3 KtK8ch

White resigns, as he must go to R3 to avoid mate on the move; then 37. — QR4ch; 38. BR4, BBch, and Q and both Rooks may die on the diagonal in vain.

PROBLEM No. 4033.—By EDWARD BOSWELL (LANCASTER).
BLACK (11 pieces).



WHITE (11 pieces).
In Forsyth Notation: K3B3; 4P3; 3prqS1; p1Sk2p1; r2P2r1;
pP1Q1Pp1; 4S3; 3RR2b.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

THE fascinating music of Frederick Delius has received most inadequate public recognition, but the two leading gramophone companies are doing their utmost to remedy this regrettable neglect. From "His Master's Voice" I have received a supremely lovely recording of "Brigg Fair," played by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mr. Geoffrey Toye (D1442, D1443). "Brigg Fair" is a rhapsody for orchestra founded upon the English folk-tale of the same name. It is very difficult to explain the music of Delius, because he is an impressionist possessing a wide universality and a unique understanding of humanity. The structure of his music is always complex, and the colouring is diaphanous. "Brigg Fair" reveals all these characteristics, but it is lovely music which wants many hearings.

Many attempts have been made to describe in music the various tales of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," and the most successful of these efforts is the Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade," by

Rimsky-Korsakov. Scheherazade was a wife of the Sultan Schahriar. The Sultan had decided to kill this witty woman, but she saved herself from being murdered by telling her master a "tale" that lasted for one thousand and one nights. Rimsky-Korsakov devotes his music to five incidents in the long "tale." The suite, which glows with brilliant orchestral colours, has been recorded complete on five double-sided large records for "His Master's Voice" by the world-renowned Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Leopold Stokowski (D1436 to D1440). The performance and recording are above criticism. It is eminently worth while to give up forty minutes to the hearing of this luscious suite.

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra have provided three minutes of real happiness for dancers and children by their superb performance of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" ("His Master's Voice," B5488.) Dancers will go crazy over the revival of this fox-trot, and children will adore "playing at soldiers" to the merry music. Paul Whiteman and his colleagues are heard at their very best in this brilliant piece of work.

"His Master's Voice" are to be congratulated on the issue of the finest organ record I have ever heard. It consists of César Franck's Andantino in G minor and Wesley's Choral Song (B2730), played by Dr. Harold Darke on the organ of St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, London. This record costs three shillings only, and should be in every home. The two simple pieces are perfectly played as well as being faithfully recorded by one of England's greatest organists.

The Metropole Company has sent me a batch of their latest records. Two of them are in many ways quite remarkable. Moussorgsky's "Song of the Flea" (of which Chaliapine is a famous exponent) has been beautifully sung in English by Mr. Joseph Farrington (1037). I shall treasure this record by a gifted singer. The Emory University Glee Club (who gave concerts in London recently) are to be highly complimented upon their rendering of the lovely spiritual, "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray" (1039), a choral record that does sound like a choir singing in its usual way. Expression, diction, phrasing, and vocal quality have never been so accurately reproduced. It is a record of such distinction that it should have a very big sale, even amongst those British people who do not like (and do not understand) the spiritual.—WALTER YEOMANS.

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